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THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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LIMERICK'S WALLS.

They Should Have Been More Persistently Defended During the Second Seige, According to Gilbert, the Historian.

Richard Talbot, Duke of Tyrconnell, the Truest Irishman among the Jacobites, not Excepting Sarsfield.—A Most Interesting Story.

Mr. John T. Gilbert has rendered another great service to Irish history. No Irishman of this generation has done as much to lay bare the sources whence the materials for our national history must be drawn. It is almost half a century now since he began, in the pages of the Dublin *University Magazine*, to unfold the history of the city of Dublin. Since then his life has been devoted to doing for a considerable portion of the history of Ireland since the Invasion what O'Curry and O'Donovan did for the history of ancient Ireland. Like those great scholars, Mr. Gilbert has given himself rather to laying the foundations on which others may build than to raising the fabric of a history himself. He has been content to do the necessary work of a pioneer in making the materials of Irish history accessable, and in illustrating them from the wealth of his scholarly knowledge. Yet his compositions and his editions possess their own special charm to those who have a developed historical taste. Last year he completed his splendid edition of Belling's contemporary account of the Irish Confederation and the Confederate War in Ireland. Since he finished that task a volume of the Dublin records has been carried through the press by Mr. Gilbert. Now we have to thank him for the publication of a Jacobite narrative of the brave struggle which ended with the treaty and capitulation of Limerick. Most of the extant contemporary accounts of that struggle were issued from the other side, under the government supervision, and with the plain object of helping the Williamite claims and cause. The beaten party could not make its story circulate, and few Jacobite narratives of the war have come down to us. The narrative which Mr. Gilbert has edited and published is contained in the manuscript, of which only two copies are known to exist. One has been long in the possession of the Earls of Fingal, and the other is among the Carte manuscripts in the Bodleian library. The Fingal tradition is that the author of the account was a member of the Fingal family, one Nicholas Plunket, a lawyer. There were many Plunkets engaged in the Jacobite service, and Mr. Gilbert suggests a connection between the author and Plunket who acted, under the pseudonym of "John Rogers," as the Old Pretender's secret agent in 1713 14. That Plunket was educated in Germany and was a friend of the Earl of Fingal. Whoever the author was, he was a strong Jacobite and zealous champion of the rights of the Catholics of Ireland. He was also an admirer of James' lieutenant, Richard Talbot, the Duke of Tyrconnel. The Duke's death, according to this historian, "pulled down a mighty edifice—a considerable Catholic nation—for there was no other subject left able to support the national cause." It was the writer's opinion that the garrison at Limerick should have held out; that it was in a better position to defend the city than the garrison which defeated William, and that the city would not have yielded if Tyrconnell had lived. He discusses, with considerable power of military criticism, the reasons alleged for the surrender, and finds them all wanting. The division of Ginkel's force was a blunder, he holds, and placed Ginkel's army at the mercy of the garrison had the opportunity been seized. He suggests even that Ginkel was allowed to surround the city in order that those in command might have a plausible ground for yielding, and declares that there was a suspicion of gold having been used to accomplish what artillery failed to do. The real reasons were, in his opinion, that some of the French officers thought the Prince of Orange was more vulnerable to an attack from France, and were anxious to make their force available for that attack.

"There was wanted a *pater patriæ*, a father of the country, that is, a man all on fire to preserve his country, his religion, his liberty and his king's prerogative, and at the same time a man commissioned with the highest power and of an authority among all, or at least among the major part, uncontrollable, and who understands both his own and his enemy's present condition and future."

Such a man he evidently thought Tyrconnell was. The author goes so far as to allege that the Irish soldiers would have supported such a policy, for they had no confidence in the finding force of a treaty with a usurper. This is not the only criticism on the conduct of affairs which the writer has to offer. He writes with scarcely veiled contempt of James II's hasty flight to St. Germain's after the battle of the Boyne, "being the messenger of what happened to him at the Boyne." The king's army were only "spectators" at the battle, he declares. The loss to the army was "nothing, and no fault could be attributed to the army, because the army was not tried." Athlone, he holds, was lost because Tyrconnell's advice was not taken and an embankment raised to defend the town on the Connaught side, was not demolished to allow St. Ruth's army to support the garrison. There was manifest insubordination and dissension among the Irish authorities after the king's overspeedy departure. Mr. Gilbert's interesting series of appendices throws considerable light on the motives and temper of the contending parties. On the one side he prints an order from Gen. de Lauzun prohibiting French officers and soldiers in Ireland from taking anything without payment, or acting offensively in Protestant places of worship. On the other side he gives us letters from Col. William Wolseley to Sir Robert Southwell, King William's secretary of state, describing his pursuit of the "Irish Tories." "They are no soldiers," Wolseley writes—though the father of one of their chiefs was commander in a garrison "within two miles" from where Wolseley wrote, and another chief was "the present sheriff for King James."

"They are no soldiers, nor have any commission for what they do, and therefore, I conceive, are not to be treated otherwise than as Tories and highwaymen; and therefore I have a great mind to hang them, if his majesty will either give orders for it or say nothing but leave me to myself, for I am well assured that an Irishman is to be taught his duty only by the rod."

"I am well assured," he writes in another letter, "that fair means will never oblige these people to a true submission to his majesty." "Rogues," he calls his opponents, but confesses that the outrages perpetrated by some of his own force on the march were so great that had he "bread or money" to give his troops "he would have hanged them to the last man." The other most interesting documents added by Mr. Gilbert include the French official list of the Jacobite army in Ireland in 1689

"The names afford evidence," writes Mr. Gilbert, "that identity of interests had led descendants of comparatively recent settlers to combine with representatives of the older inhabitants. Of this an illustration is found in the family of the poet Spenser. That writer, by his advocacy of severe measures against the Irish, was regarded by them as an enemy of their race. We find, however, that his grandson, Hugolin Spenser, espoused the Irish cause, and became a lieutenant in the regiment raised in Munster by Dominic Sarsfield, Lord Kilmallock, to serve against the army of William II. Hugolin Spenser thus eventually forfeited his rights in the estates at Kilcolman, in the county of Cork, which Queen Elizabeth had granted to his ancestor."

Cromwell had disturbed his title before, as Mr. Prendergast has shown. The author of the history prospected the results of a Jacobite victory, and clearly indicated the aims of the Irish Jacobites. Legislative independence, a Catholic government, and an established Catholic religion were their objects. But it is noteworthy that the Protestant bishops and ministers were to be left in possession of a moiety of their livings during their lifetime. This shows that, had the Irish arms triumphed, the Irish Protestants would have met with a very different fate from that which befell the Irish Catholics under the penal code. Social objects were united with political in the national programme even thus early, for, among the measures which the national government would, according to the author, have taken in hand, were:

"To make the great rivers of the kingdom navigable, as far as it is possible; to render the chief ports more deep and thoroughly tenable against any attack from sea; in fine, to drain the multiplicity of bogs, which, being effected, will support a vast addition of families."

The absence of Mr. Gilbert's volume from any Irish library will mean the library's incompleteness. It is full of light on the history of a period whose consequences are felt even today. The devoted and patriotic scholarship, of which it is the product, has a title to national gratitude and recognition.—*From the National Press, Dec 7.*

LOCAL CATHOLIC NEWS.

Prof. Heitkamp, of St. Ignatius college, is dangerously ill with typhoid fever.

The Sodality course of lectures began last Monday in the hall on May and Eleventh streets. The Rev. Father T. S. Fitzgerald, president of St. Ignatius college, will lecture on "Two Prophets." Some of the best talent in the city assisted in the musical part of the programme.

The Rev. James M. Hagan, the popular preacher and temperance orator of La Grange, spent a day among his many friends in the city week before last.

The Rev. Paul Pouziglioni, S. J., who has recently arrived in the city, will attend the wants of the Italian Catholics in the Holy Family church. A church for that nationality exclusively is badly needed in that neighborhood.

A grand concert under the auspices of the Union Catholic Library association will be given at Kimball Hall, January 27 An extensive and choice programme, including selections from the most popular authors, will be given.

T. Shea, Merchant Tailor

No. 184 East Madison street, fine custom suits at reasonable prices; also uniforms for all organizations.

How Ladies Can Make Money.

There are so very few ways a lady can make money and so few chances open to us, that I know all you lady readers will be interested in hearing of my success in plating watches, tableware and jewelry. I make from $10 to $20 per week, and my customers are delighted at my work. It is surprising how easy a lady can take a plating machine and plate old knives, forks and spoons. This machine plates with either nickel, silver or gold and will generally plate any of these articles in a few minutes. I hope my experience will be as profitable to your lady readers as Mrs. Wilson's was to me. Anybody can get a plating machine by addressing H. F. Delno & Co., Columbus, Ohio. The plater sells for $5, or you can get circular by addressing this firm. MRS. C. WYMEN.

CARDINAL MANNING.

Graphic Sketch of His Remarkable Career—Early Hatred of the Catholic Church.

The Late Cardinal Newman Snubs Him. On Account of His Bigotry—His Marriage, Bereavement and Conversion.

The following interesting sketch of the late Cardinal Manning is taken from a New York Catholic contemporary, the *Tablet*, and is the best and most comprehensive we have seen:

Henry Edward Manning was born at Totterridge, Hertfordshire, England, on July 15, 1808. His father was William Manning, a wealthy London merchant, member of parliament and governor of the bank of England. The boy was sent to school first at Harrow, an institution patronized largely by rich families in the business world. Then he went to Balliol college, Oxford, where he took his degree of B. A. with highest honors in 1830 His father's wealth and influential position made him conspicuous among his comrades, but his own graces of deportment and force of intellect gave him far more distinction, and he was generally regarded as sure of a brilliant future. After graduation he became a fellow of Merton college, Oxford, and a select preacher at that university. It was his intention to spend his life as a clergyman of the Established church, and, far from showing any leaning toward Roman Catholicism, he distinguished himself by the energy of his attacks upon it. In 1834 he became rector of Lavington and Graffham, Sussex. While in that position he was married to Miss Sergeant, a very wealthy young lady of Lavington, whose two elder sisters had become the wives of Samuel Wilberforce (afterward bishop) and his brother, Henry Wilberforce. Mrs. Manning lived but a few months after her marriage, and the emotions caused by her untimely death were strongly perceptible in Mr. Manning's sermons thereafter. His spirituality was heightened, and his zeal in religious matters greatly quickened. In 1840 he became archdeacon of Chichester. His hostility to the Roman church showed no sign of abating. At Oxford, about this time, he preached what can only be called a "Tirade against Popery." So vehement and radical were his words that even the sturdiest Protestants were amazed. John Newman was at that time in retirement at Littlemore, preparing for his reception into the Roman church. Manning went to see him, but the report of that sermon had preceded him, and he was denied so much as admittance to the house. He was met at the door by a young man, a member of the household, who told him Newman would not see him, and who was so much troubled at the incident, and so anxious to soothe Manning's feelings, that he walked with him half way back to Oxford, bareheaded, on a cold November day. That young man was James Anthony Froude.

The cause of this zealous clergyman's change of faith and entrance into the very church he had so strenuously opposed, was a controversy over the sacraments. When Mr. Gorham denied the spiritual grace of baptism, and his view was sanctioned, or at least tolerated, by the church of England, Archdeacon Manning and many others felt the ground quaking beneath their feet. If the Established church denied, or allowed denial of sacramental grace, which was to them the essence of religion, they could no longer remain within its fold. Accordingly, Manning decided to turn to Rome. For a time he went into retirement, then in 1851 renounced his preferments in the English church and entered the Roman Catholic priesthood.

There his advancement was rapid. Like Newman, he founded a congregation, that of the Oblates of St. Charles Borromeo. The degree of doctor of divinity was bestowed upon him, and he was made provost of the archdiocese of Westminster, prothonotary apostolic, and domestic prelate to the pope. After the death of Cardinal Wiseman he was made, on June 8, 1865, archbishop of Westminster, and ten years later, on March 15, 1875, he was made cardinal, with the title of SS. Andrew and Gregory on the Celian Hill. He was invested with the cardinal's hat on a consistory held at the vatican on December 31, 1877. The jubilee of his archbishopric was celebrated in June, 1890.

Cardinal Manning has been an earnest advocate of temperance, the rights of workingmen, the improvement of the condition of the poor, and other social reforms. In this way he has been much before the public. His views on temperance were clearly expressed by him some years ago, in a letter to a friend, as follows: "I do not think it enough to try to check drunkenness unless we try to check intemperance. These two things are distinct, and need distinct treatment. There is a great deal of intemperance which never betrays itself in drunkenness. To the upper classes, worldly respect, fear or shame, and many other motives, keep men and women within the line beyond which they would be detected. They wreck themselves and their homes by an excessive use of wine and other stimulants. Half the misery of homes arising from bad temper, sloth, squandering, selfishness, debt, neglect of all duty, is caused by the indulgence of wine and the like. The sure and best cure of this is to bring up children and to guard them against acquiring the liking for intoxicating drinks. When a liking for the taste is acquired, the temptation is at once in existence. Common sense, as well as faith, says train up children not to know the taste, and they will not be tempted. I urge this on parents whenever I can, and I have before me many happy homes in which children have grown up without so much as ever having tasted anything but water. They will be the sober fathers and mothers of the next generation. If the fathers and mothers of today had been trained so, we should not now have before us so many unhappy homes and cast-out children. I say this especially to the middle classes. There is no need of adding that self indulgence in drink clouds the conscience and all the powers of the spiritual life."

"In every state, hue and circumstance of life," says a writer in the London *World*, at what was perhaps the height of the prelate's career, "Cardinal Manning is at home. In his titular church at Rome, addressing his clergy in Italian, and the crowd of his own countrymen, assembled to witness his installation, in English; in his pro-cathedral at Kensington, preaching to a congregation half composed of 'heretics,' who have come as much to see him as to hear him; at a garden party at Chiswick; at Exeter hall, pleading the cause of total abstinence with all the fervor of an apostle; at the vatican basilica, swaying the debates and shaping the decisions of an ecumenical council; at a bright Oxford banquet, in honor of some academic festival, reappearing for a brief hour, as if from another world, on the stage of his early triumphs and first friendships—wherever the work which he has chosen to take in hand may be in any way advanced, Cardinal Manning is to be found, always saying the right word and doing the right thing, as by a sort of natural gift and instinctive wisdom."

The appearance of the dead cardinal is familiar to the people of two hemispheres from the number of photographs in circulation, as well as from the portraits published in the newspapers. His face was thin and white, with sunken eyes and prominent features. A close look revealed soft, blue eyes that were often lighted up with a twinkle of merriment, while smiles playing over the countenance gave relief to ascetic outlines. In latter years his tallness was modified by a stoop of the head and shoulders. The voice was clear and pleasant. In conversation he placed a thin hand behind his ears, as the weight of age had made him deaf. Cardinal Manning lived by rule. He rose at 7 o'clock, spent an hour in prayer and meditation, and then broke his fast. About all that is known of his first meal is that oatmeal was one of the principal dishes, if not the main dish. He was a great teetotaler. Until he felt that age was telling on him he went more or less into society, attending dinner parties for the pleasure it afforded him to come in contact with brilliant minds, but he never went beyond a glass of water. When at home he dined very frugally at 3 o'clock, in fact he ate so little that he became almost emaciated. He employed, as a rule, three secretaries.

The archbishop's house at Westminster, the scene of the late cardinal's labors, is a large modern building standing alone between the Vauxhall Bridge road and the Millbank penitentiary. It was originally built for a soldier's institute. The visitor is ushered into a spacious and plainly furnished chamber, on the white walls of which hang a few religious paintings and engravings, while on the table are some costly illustrated books. Under a glass case on one side is the cardinal's berretta; on the other side stands his large silver crosier beneath a canopy. His study was a cheerful looking room, the most notable ornaments being photographs of Edward the Confessor's shrine in Westminster Abbey as it was in the thirteenth century and as it now is in the nineteenth. Here, amid a mass of books and papers, the cardinal was always to be found, completing as much work in eight hours as most men would require sixteen to perform. All his correspondence and records were arranged and conducted with the method and precision of a lawyer's office. He received visitors with unstudied dignity and frank kindness, though his time was too precious to admit of his wasting more of it than was absolutely necessary. He wore the ordinary robe of a Catholic bishop, with scarlet skull cap and stockings.

The private chapel in which the cardinal said his daily mass and frequently administered the sacrament of confirmation to converts, is rich in mementoes, among them being the mitre and maniple of St. Thomas a Becket, autograph letters of St. Theresa and St. Francis de Sales, and a chest of clothes dipped in the blood of martyred Catholics who suffered under the Elizabethan rule.

He was an indefatigable worker in all enterprises for the good of the poor, conducting a vigorous crusade against intemperance, urging the claims of the agricultural laborer to something more than a mere living pittance, and endeavoring to improve the social and intellectual character of the artisan.

He followed the course of the labor movements in America with sympathetic attention, and he earnestly seconded the efforts of Cardinal Gibbons at Rome in behalf of the masses.

The cardinal left an autobiography which he had dictated to an amanuensis during leisure periods of the past few years. One section of the work deals in an interesting way with the period of his conversion to the Catholic faith.

Catarrh Cured.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 88 Warren street, New York, will receive the recipe free of charge

Playing Cards.

You can obtain a pack of best quality playing cards by sending fifteen cents in postage to P. S. Eustis, Gen'l Pass. Agent, C., B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.

TOO MUCH CLOTH

Held Up by the Hips of the Fair Women of the United States.

Allied to Rib Squeezing Corsets the Weight Exhausts Female Vitality—Remedies Suggested.

BROOKLYN, N.Y., Jan. 19—"Radicalism has not had the slightest influence upon the modification of women's costumes," a famous man dressmaker told me the other day. "If you observe," he continued, "you know that every effort that has been made to bring women to the point of considering the adoption of masculine looking garments has signally failed. It always will fail, because every day of our lives the artistic is getting a firmer hold. The trouble in the past has been that the comrades which God intended to be inseparable, art and health, good taste and hygiene, have been separated. It is utterly impossible for anything to be artistic which produces a strained effect. You may drape a compression in the most artistic manner, but it is like festoons upon a corpse. The most of the drapery of late has been of this kind, beautiful by itself, but hideous when applied. It seems strange to have an old customer come to me now and say, 'Please throw my gown on me, Mons.; I desire something I can turn around in.' But you see, my dear madame, this lady with thousand of others has been studying and observing, and the divine light of true art, only feebly discerned at first, has at last penetrated and illuminated her whole atmosphere. She has now an admiration for long lines, for soft effects, and a desire for comfort, and the health and vitality which always comes of comfort. Ah, Madame, I could talk all day and yet not not give to you any adequate idea of the wonderful progress that art has made in the matter of dress in the last three years."

I pondered upon this all the way home, and the words of the wealthy customer, "Please throw my gown on me, I desire something that I can turn round in," struck a responsive cord in my own heart. This was a charming sermon from a charming source, albeit I have always nursed a little prejudice against men dressmakers. There is no excuse for such an existence of idle, but if women are at liberty to do what we have heretofore been taught to consider men's work, there is no reason under the sun why men should not take up the more feminine occupations if they have a talent for them. Let us be just though the heavens fall.

When we arrange drapery of any sort our ambition is to have it fall naturally into whatever form the material adapts itself to. This idea is now being carried into the construction of women's costumes, and though it may take a great many years to convince the ignorant and the silly that art and health are sisters, it will not take so many to assure them that if they desire to be fashionable they must be artistic whether they like it or not.

For the comfort of those who fear that the radical and *outre* will obtain in this matter, I will say that consultation with the highest authorities convinces me that we are in no danger. Women, for instance, will not wear trousers upon the street as men do, though they will, and do, wear equestrienne tights without petticoats in hundreds of instances in the city of New York alone. These garments are warmer and safer than the old fashioned sagging under and outside skirts. Not very long ago a woman to be properly dressed must wear a white embroidered flannel petticoat and an outside one. The latter one was generally heavy and rested upon the hips. In any case it had a band like the under one and both were "snug." Now women who have thought these subjects out, upon the artistic and hygienic lines, have declared against bands about the waist, using the soft combination wool underwear next the skin, and the light weight black trousers to take the place of the antiquated and unhygienic petticoat. As every dress skirt has its lining, the absence of the petticoat is not noticeable.

I thought I would take an inventory of a friend's costume the other night, for I knew it would point a moral and adorn a tale. True art has not yet shed any light upon her way.

"I wonder," she remarked, "what makes me so tired. If you will excuse me I will put on a loose wrapper and see how that will feel. Do you know," she added, with the most charming *naivete*, "that sometimes when I undress myself I feel all made over new?"

"Indeed?" said I in the same tome, "strange, isn't it?"

"Indeed it is, what can be the reason?"

These are the garments she removed. First a wide jet collar, next a black silk waist heavily trimmed with jet, and as tight as a drumhead. Then she stepped out of a trimmed silk skirt, trimmed on one side from the waist to the knee with the richest and consequently the heaviest passementerie; next came a quilted silk petticoat weighing forty pounds or less, then the usual flannel, then the elaborate corset waist, and then then the corset. Words fail to describe the fit of this garment. The bulging adipose tissue at the bottom and top told an awful story, and the sigh of relief that came from this simpleton's mouth as this instrument of torture dropped to the floor, was enough to make the very stones cry out in pity.

"I am so particular about dressing warmly," she said as she lifted the quilted petticoat for me to examine. "These petticoats are not very fashionable now, you know, but I determined to keep warm whether or no."

"How do you feel now?" I inquired, when wrapped in a soft fleecy chamber robe, she sank comfortably into a rocking chair.

"Oh, lovely," was the enthusiastic answer.

Did I say to this misguided woman that she could just as easily feel "lovely" all the time as a fragment of it?

I did not. Not the remotest glimmer of the light of art had yet penetrated her atmosphere, and I have learned not to waste my ammunition. After a while some friend whom she recognizes as an expenent of style will modify her manner of dressing, and then this pretty friend of mine will begin to ask questions. This will be my opportunity.

I am delighted with the scores of letters expressing satisfaction with my new paper, "Eleanor Kirk's Idea," and am particularly grateful to the gentlemen who have praised it, especially as I never expected them to read it. One man writes, "Thank heaven, that while you are radical on many subjects you are no crank, and that your efforts for your sex are all in the line of health and common sense. I can trust my wife and four daughters to your care without a tremor." A thousand thanks. No one can tell how precious such words are to those who work hard to deserve them. Yes, the paper is published from this office, and is only 50 cents per year. It is a monthly, and commenced in January.

The *Century Magazine* is a mine of information and entertainment, and grows better every year. The characteristic serial of Dr. S. Weir Mitchell is so far one of the cleverest things this clever man has attempted. It gives the intellectual thinker something to think about, and suggests quite as many subjects as Spencer's Synthetic Philosophy. "Custer's Last Battle," by Capt. Godfrey, one of his troop commanders, is exceptionally entertaining, and is especially enjoyed by the boys and the young people of my acquaintance.

"I wish such interesting stories would go on forever," an enthusiastic boy remarked the other evening as he finished the "Last Battle." "I feel just as if I had been there." It would be difficult for a writer to receive a truer compliment than this.

It is rather embarrassing to be so frequently asked about the best places for the wintering of invalids, who do not wish to go abroad, and who are anxious to be as near their homes and their friends as possible.

In some respects and for certain ailments, there is no safer place than Lakewood, N. J. Thomasville, Ga., is another charming place for those who need a warmer and more equable climate, and of course everybody knows about Aiken, S. C.

There is another small town, by name Pine, S. C., [illegible] and only a few miles from the latter place, where several invalids of my acquaintance have found it very profitable to live during the cold months. For those who do not like or cannot afford hotel life, this town is a fine compromise in both respects.

There is no better way of reaching these southern points than by an ocean trip, which of itself is a help, a preparation, and an inspiration to invalid travelers, on account of the radical change of environment and the purity of the salt air. The steamers of the Clyde line are staunch and luxurious, and the cuisine the best in the world. Invalids receive special attention on these steamers. The days of sailing are Monday, Wednesday and Friday, and they leave from Pier 29, East River, directly under the Brooklyn bridge, at 3 p. m.

ELEANOR KIRK.

Something Interesting to Every Family

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 *Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

Map of the United States.

A large, handsome map of the United States, mounted, and suitable for office or home use, is issued by the Burlington Route. Copies will be mailed to any address on receipt of twelve cents in postage by P. S. Eustis, Gen'l Pass. Agent, C B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.

To Denver via Burlington Route.

Only one night on the road. Leave Chicago at 1:00 p. m., or St. Louis at 8:25 a. m., and arrive at Denver at 6:15 p. m. the next day. Through Sleepers, Chair Cars and Dining Cars. All Railways from the East connect with these trains and with similar trains via Burlington Route to Denver, leaving Chicago at 6:10 p. m., St. Louis at 8:15 p. m., and Peoria at 3:20 p. m., and 8:00 p. m. All trains daily. Additional express trains, making as quick time as those of any other road, from Chicago, St. Louis and Peoria to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Council Bluffs, Omaha, Cheyenne, Black Hills, Atchison, Kansas City, Houston and all points west, northwest and southwest.

GAEL AND GAUL:

—OR—

The Green and The Tricolor.

A TALE OF THE

FRENCH INVASION OF 1798.

(Founded on Fact.)

BY P. G. SMYTH,

Author of "The Wild Rose of Lough Gill," "King and Viking," "Under the White Cockade," and other highly successful stories.

CHAPTER XXII.—(Continued.)

"Strange actor this," thought the refugee, "for the ghastly *role* of an angel of destruction!"

There came a knocking at a distant door, soon followed by the clatter of a sabre and the jingling of spurs. A Yeoman officer strode into the room. He carried his right arm in a sling, and his face was pale as if from recent suffering. Advancing to the lady he respectfully took her hand and kissed it.

Barrett, with increased surprise, recognized his enemy, Pierce Crofton, and held his breath in expectation, mingled with salutary thought of his predicament. The situation was growing interesting, but extremely critical.

"Why, Pierce, is it indeed you? And at such an hour!"

"Pardon the intrusion, my dear Mabel. Just now, when riding this way from Killala, a picket of my men informed me that they had fired upon something like a rebel, and that the fellow has probably taken refuge in the garden there without."

"Something like! The fellow! Dear me, I hope your braves have not shot my poor Newfoundland. Ponto is in the habit of leaping the wall."

"I echo your hope. The dog is far more valuable than one of those infernal!"——

"No, no, I do not mean that! How can you speak so of your fellow creatures!"

"Compassion for rebels, Mabel, eh? Egad, this is a revelation to me. I believed you were made of sterner stuff—you'd want to, I fancy, if you happened to be in Killala today. I have ordered my men to search the garden; excuse me if I e'en rest myself in your charming society while they are about it."

"I hope the poor people are being treated with mercy."

"Justice—drumhead justice—prevails just now, Mabel. Our hands are pretty full with the robust, summary work of military law—seventy-five for court martial at Killala, one hundred and ten at Ballina, and plenty more coming in. At the former place the military Jack Ketch is kept pretty busy in the bishop's demesne, where there are many convenient trees. Msj. Bellew and Richard Bourke, sentenced yesterday, were hanged this morning in the park behind the castle.* You sigh, Mabel."

"No; but I feel inclined to."

The sigh was an involuntary one on the part of the concealed listener as he learned the fate of his genial friend. And for this the gallant major, the adventurous Irish soldier of fortune, had escaped the perils of many a battlefield, the bullet of the Khoord, the yataghan of the Janissary—for this, a patriot's death on a gibbet tree in Killala!

"Among others delivered to the noose," continued the narrator, with as much unconcern as if his subject were partridge shooting, "were a local firebrand named Neal Kerrigan, and Maguire, the brewer of Crossmolina, whose son Roger, by the way, saved by the advocacy of Dean Thompson, stands by for transportation. So the work goes on. Up the county our fellows are just as prompt and expeditious in dealing with the king's enemies. They have caught the ringleader, Tom Gibbons of Westport, Jordan, and a lot more. They have hanged twenty-eight at Castlebar, including Priest Conry, of Lahardane, a noted sympathizer with rebellion, who entertained the French officers in his house, and who was brought to the scaffold by the evidence of one of his brother rebels. Frank French, of Cottage, has also been strung up on sure and sound evidence. Informers *go leor* have come to the front. Blood money seems as desirable as any other coin, judging from the way parsons, priests, and laymen come forward and thrust out their willing hands for it."†

Miss Fortescue clasped one marbly hand over her eyes, made a shuddering gesture with the other.

"Spare me those horrible details, they make my flesh creep. From my heart I am sorry for the unfortunate people upon whom this cloud of woe has fallen."

"Sorry! Say rather exultant—as you ought to be, as you promised to be. Think of your slain brother.

"Ay, and I think of the hundreds, nay, thousands, of brothers, sons, fathers, whose corpses are now lying throughout the land. Alas, what ruin! what misery!"

"Remember your resolution of vengeance."

"With deep sorrow I do, though right heartily have I renounced and abandoned it—wicked that I was in seeking to usurp the dread prerogative of heaven!"

"Your renunciation comes rather late, I fear, seeing that the revenge originally contemplated by you is being satisfied almost to the letter. That red list of yours, for instance"——

She clasped her hands and glanced at him in deep entreaty, but he sneeringly continued:

"That red list—your very careful preparation, my dear—is being now pretty accurately checked over by the hangman. One desirable item is missing, but I doubt not it shall be forthcoming ere long. Curse the scoundrel! here is a token he has left me, and the doctors have a confoundedly bad opinion of it." He gently tapped his wounded arm.

"Whom do you mean?"

"Why, Barrett, the son of the sawbones—lately an admirer of yours, I believe."

"What has become of him?"

There was a tap at the door. A sergeant of yeomanry entered and saluted. The watcher, from his coign of observation, recognized the gross features of Billy Moran, now himself once more.

"Beg your pardon, captain. We've searched the garden an' all around the house an' found only some footprints. The ribil, if he was wan, must have got clane away."

"Sorry for it. You may retire;" and Moran disappeared.

"What has become of him, eh? My dear Mabel, so you really continue to take a lively interest in the scamp, he, he. Indeed I know not. When last I saw him, as I lay under the weight of my horse, he was galloping like the devil out of the way of the bullets, dragging along the pony of his precious leman, a dark haired little witch with a temper like a live volcano. He is skulking somewhere in the bogs. I understand, by the way, that he has offered to betray some of his fellow-rebels to the government and give any amount of information at court martials on condition of his life being spared—contemptible wretch!"

There was a jerky movement of the window curtain, but it passed unnoticed. In the heat of his indignation at this false charge, so coolly and unscrupulously put, Barrett was about to step forth and confront his malicious defamer when his ear caught her prompt reply. With a quick effort he re established his self restraint and drew a breath of relief.

"I do not believe it."

"That is your own affair, *ma belle*. How fortunate for this *preux chevalier* of the croppies to have such a champion! Your sympathies, my dear, are most deliciously indefinite."

She rose and confronted him, fire in her eye, queenly dignity in her bearing.

"My sympathies, sir, are now on the side of the poor and oppressed. So—you look as if that were a crime! If it be, I glory in it. Yes, I have burst the conventional trammels; I am mistress of my own thoughts, my own ideas—have burst the fetters of political and sectarian bigotry, and become a gleaner after truth, and a fairly successful one. Devotion, chivalry, self sacrifice, all that elevates and ennobles man, where have I found it to most abound? Surely not among the mongrel aristocracy that fawn in the hall of Dublin Castle, that scramble like greedy curs for the crumbs of office, that exult in being enfranchised men, and not mere serfs, as they soundly deserve to be, simply because they have a country to scorn and sell and sacrifice"——

"Am I at a United Irish meeting or in a loyal residence?" interrupted Crofton in mock amazement.

"Not at the meeting, unfortunately for your manliness. But pardon me, Pierce, if I have offended you. Indeed I did not mean to—you have noticed, perhaps, the change in my manner, the patience, unusual to poor fiery me, with which I have received so many of your taunts. Well, there is a reason for it—I wish to part with you on good and friendly terms, for we meet tonight for the last time."

"Mabel."

"Yes, yes," she continued hurriedly, "I have turned it over and over in my mind, and my resolution is fixed and unchangeable. I am unfit for the world; I am too impulsive, too passionate, to ardent in love, too fierce in hate, too elate in joy, too depressed in sorrow. Not happiness but misery could I bring to anyone. To morrow I set out with my brother for Dublin; within a week I shall be enjoying the peaceful seclusion and sanctity of the cloister."

"But Mabel, hear me"——

"No, no, Pierce, you plead in vain. You know my will, and how vain it is to try to shake it. And now adieu forever! Forgive me if I have caused you pain. Remember me only as one who is dead."

The expression on her nonplussed admirer's face was rather more ludicrous than pathetic as scorning to take her proffered hand, he backed towards the door.

"Farewell, then, madam. I fear your estimate of your character is but too correct. You did not mention cruelty among the pleasant endowments you carry to excess; but that was unnecessary. Your dupe bids you *bon voyage* to your convent."

A final clatter of spurs and sabre and he was gone. She threw herself on the ottoman in an attitude of dejection, her face buried in her hands. Presently she started up with a half suppressed cry of alarm. A man was kneeling at her feet.

"Ah! Mr. Barrett!—and so you are the rebel—ahem—the insurgent they were in quest of?"

"I have that critical distinction."

"But why have you come hither? Heavens! are you not aware there is a guard of yeomen in the house—that you have plunged into the very jaws of danger?"

"I have been hunted hither—hunted hard—and the close-pressed animal is quick in choosing his refuge, though it be only for the moment. Circumstances, therefore, made me a most unwilling eavesdropper, though I rather escaped the usual punishment of such, thanks to you. From my inmost heart, Miss Fortescue, I beg to thank you for your kind defence of me—for your refusal to credit an infamous calumny. Your generous belief, I am glad to assure you, is most correct—I am no informer, no traitor, and, please heaven, I shall never be one!"

"There is no need of your assurance on the point. Knowing you as I did I spoke in simplest justice. Indeed, I am sorry to find you in this plight," she continued, "and I tremble for your safety in this hornet's nest. Hark!"

It was the refrain of "Croppies Lie Down," sung with all the loyal uproar of a roomful of boisterous yeos.

"I think it will be an easy matter to evade the vigilance of those worthies," he said with a smile. As he turned towards the window by which he entered, she laid a gentle, detaining hand on his arm.

"You are worn and exhausted—that haggard look tells it—probably hungry also, and you must allow me to act the hostess."

Most willing of willing guests was he, and ample justice he did the meat and wine her white hands placed before him. One of those same hands he reverently kissed, with murmured words of gratitude and farewell, as, his welcome meal finished, he prepared to take his departure.

"In crossing the wall beware of the sentinel," she whispered. Good bye. Heaven protect you!"

He moved away into the darkness; she gently closed the window, and thus they passed away for ever out of each other's ken.

*Maj. Bellew's remains were deposited in Moyne Abbey in a tomb formed by walling up the ends of the small, narrow arch between the chancel and the transepts. His boots—the end of the coffin having fallen out—were visible through an aperture in the wall down to a few years ago, when, on the repairing of the building by the Board of Works the remains of the major and those of his brother, the bishop, laid in the same improvised tomb, were removed through unnecessary zeal in the restoration and buried in the floor beneath.

†Right Hon. Denis Browne, for Flattelly, who prosecuted F. French, Esq., at Castlebar, for high treason, £100; William Plunkett, for attending court-martial at Castlebar, £227 10s; Rt. Hon D. Browne, for Michael Geraghty, £50; Earl of Altamont by direction of Lord Castlereagh, for Jennings and Connee, £50 each; Rafferell, £20; Clerk, £20; and Sheriff of Mayo, £53 3s 6d; Rt. Hon. D. Browne, for informer against Rt. Jordan, £102 7s 6d; Lord Erris, for Rev. Mr. Nelligan, £30; Marquis of Sligo, for persons who apprehend Thomas Gibbons, £56 17s 6d; Rt Hon. Col King, for Rev. Mr Nelligan of Ballina, in full, £50.—*Secret Service Records.*

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

ANOTHER ADDRESS

From the Gaelic Society of New York to the Gaelic-Speaking People of Scotland Urging Them to Write Their Gaelic More in Accordance With the Usage of Their Ancestors.

The following address has been sent by the Gaelic Society of New York to the Gaelic-speaking people of Scotland. A number of copies of the address have been sent to Mr. Donald MacKinnon, Professor of Gaelic, and occupier of the Gaelic chair in the University of Edinburgh. The object of the address is to induce the Highland Scotch to bring back their Gaelic to the correct written standard of the first half of the last century, which was that of the Irish (of today). Many think that it was English influence that induced the change in the written Gaelic of Scotland. The fact that the change took place very soon after Charles Stuart's attempt to restore his dynasty to the throne of Great Britain, seems to strengthen the belief that the change in the manner of writing the Gaelic of Scotland had its origin in a desire on the part of the English government to weaken the racial bond that had bound together, for so many centuries, the Irish and the Gaelic-speaking Scotch, who were Jacobite—almost to a man:

A CHAIRDE DHILSE—Is se bliadhain anois o sgriobh sinn chugaibh um Gaedhilig na h-Alban, ag iarraidh orraibh nidh eigin do dheunamh d'a gianadh, agus i do sgriobhadh nios mo do reir an mhodha do cleachtadh le bhur sinnsear. Do sgriobh sinn litir ag an am ceudna chum an t-Saoi Mhic Fhionain, oide Gaedhilge a n-Dun Edin, agus sgriobh se go cairdeamhuil chugainn a bh-freagra dhi, acht gan aon gheall go n-deunfadh se aon nidh a d-taoibh gianta Gaedhilge Alban; gidheadh, do rinne se a dithchioll chum maccamhuil ar n-dilesgraidh ghairibh do chraobhsgaoileadh air fud Alban agus tamaoid an-bhuidheach dho de sin.

Chidhtear duinn nach d-tiseafidh leis an n-Gaedhilig do mharthainn ann Eirinn no ann Albain muna m-beidh aonachd d'a taoibh eadrainn agus sibhse. Da m-beidheadh leabhair Gaedhilge Alban so-thuigsinn ann Eirinn, agus da m-beidheadh leabhair Gaedhilge Eireann so-thuigsinn ann Albain, gidh nach sgriobhtha go beacht ann aon chanamhain, ni dhearfamaois focal um aonachd Gaedhilge an da thirtheadh: acht farsoiri ni'l aon Eireannach air cheud, is cuma cia an eolas do bheidheadh aige air a theangain fein, do thuigfeadh go soilleir an chanamhain Gaedhilge sgriobhtha ann Albain a nois.

Dubhairt sinn ann ar litir dheigheanaigh chugaibh gur taobh astigh de cheud a 's caogad bliadhain d'atharruigh sibh Gaedhilig na h-Alban. D'admhuigh an Saoi Mac Fhionain an nidh so, agus dubhairt go n-dearnadh an t-atharruigheadh le fearaibh do ghradhuigh an Gaedheal agus an Ghaedhilig. Cha tig linn so do chreideamhuin, oir ni feidir le h-aon fhear a thir do ghradhughadh gan gradh do bheith aige air an teangain do labhair agus do sgriobh a shinnsear.

Da m-beith fhios againn go n-dearnadh atharrughadh a n-Gaedhilig na h-Alban chum i do dheunamh nios soilleire do dhaoinibh coitcheanna na tire sin, ni dhearfadh sinn focal 'na aghaidh, agus d'fheud sinn leabhair Gaedhilge Albanaighe d'fheicsin gan fearg no bron do mhothughadh. Acht ta fhios againn nach air son na n-daoineadh aineolach do rinneadh an t-atharrughadh ann bhur d-teangain,—go n dearnadh e chum imreasain do chur eadrainn a's sibhse. Budh choir dibh an mhalisecht is troime do thabhairt air chuimhne na bh-fear d'atharruigh teanga bhur sinnsear, agus do thug uirri do bheith gan meas ag daoinibh foghlamtha an domhain.

Ro dearbhadh thabhairt dibh gur b'leonan caint choitcheann Gaedheal Alban agus Eireann tri cheud bliadhain o shoin, so ait as an g-ceud leabhar do clobhuaileadh riamh anns an n-Gaedhilig .i. "Leabhar Urnuighseadh" do sgriobh bhur g-comhdhuthasach fein, Seon Carsuel, san m-bliadhain 1567:

"Cuid mhor eile d'ar n-aineolas agus d'ar n-ainbhfios an drong-sa a dubhramar romhainn, dith teagaisg fhirinidh orainn, agus leabhar maith neoch do thuigfidis each go soiltheann as a m-briatharaibh fein agus as a d-teangaidh ghnathaidh Gaedhilge." Feuch an ait "Deohum an Leghthoir" air dhuilleoig 20.

Nach soilleir do so gur sgriobh Carsuel a g-canamhain chotthinn dsoinneadh na h-Alban? Ni'l aon lorg truailidheacht lathaireach Gaedhilge na h-Alban re faghail ann; is Gaedhilig Eireannach air fad i, gidh gur sgriobhadh le Albanach d'Albanuighibh i. B'fheidir go n-dearfadh sibh go d-tiocfadh moran atharruighadh air aon teangain taobh astigh de thri cheud bliadhain. B'fheidir so d-tiocfadh; acht creud fath nach d-tainic atharruighadh air Ghaedhilig na h-Eireann air feadh na h-aimsire sin? Ni'l acht da bhliadhain o crochh-sgaoileadh "Tri Bior-Ghaotthe an Bhais" do sgriobhadh beagnach tri cheud bliadhain a shoin, acht ta se so-thuigsinn anois do gach aon Eireannach thuigeas Gaedhilig. Ni amhain o leabhar Charsuel is feidir linn dearbhadh gur le h-oigean d'atharruigheadh Gaedhilig na h-Alban, oir ni'l aon leabhar Gaedhilge ro faghail ann Albain, do clobhuaileadh roimh an bliadhain 1750 no 1760, nach clobhuailtear a n-Gaedhilig na h-Eireann. Ma chuartuigheann sibh stair gach teangan 'san domhan, 'ni bh-fuighidh sibh go d-tainic aon atharruighadh air aon teangain eile a g-cuig ceud bliadhain cho mor ris an atharruighadh thainic air Ghaedhilig Alban a g-cuig gcinealach.

Cad is ceart duinn, din, do dheunamh chum Gaedhilge Alban agus Eireann do cheartughadh, agus do bhreith chum aonachda sgriobhtha? Cionnus is feidir linn aon nidh nios fearr do dheunamh iona comhchruinnighadh na sgolaireadh Gaedhilge is fearr ann Albain agus ann Eirinn do ghairm? Tigeadh siad re cheile go cairdeamhuil agus deunadh siad a n-ditchioll litriughadh agus graimeur na Gaedhilge do reitiughadh, ionnus go m-beidh leabhair Gaedhilge an da thirtheadh sothuigsinn d'Albanuighibh agus d'Eireannuighibh 'san am re teacht.

Ag so ainmne se Eireannach is cumhachtaighe, do reir ar m-barambail, pairt na h-Eireann do ghlacadh anns an g-comhthionol air ar labharamar shuas .i. an t-Athair Eoghan O'Grambna, na Saoithe Whitley Stokes, Richard Atkinson, Padraic Seoghach (Joyce), S. H. O'Gradaigh, agus Dubhglas de h-Ide. Is dibhse se Albanaighe d'ainmioghadh re pairt bhur d-tire fein do ghlacadh. Guidhmid orraibh gan aon mhoill do dheunamh anns an g-cuis so, oir 'se an nidh is riachtanaighe agus is tabhachtaighe is feidir linn do dheunamh air son 'teangan ar d-tirtheadh.

Le mor-mheas, is sinne bhur g-cairdhe, air son Comalan na Gaedhilge,

J. S. O'COLMAIN
Uachdaran.
E.T.MACCHRIOSDEAMHUIL.
Ionad Uachdaraln.
P. CENT,
Run-Cleireach.

[Literal Translation.]

DEAR FRIENDS—It is now a year since we wrote to you about Scotch Gaelic asking you to take some steps about purifying it, and writing it more in accordance with the usage of your ancestors. We wrote a letter at the same time to Mr. Donald MacKinnon, Professor of Gaelic at Edinburgh. He answered us in a friendly manner, but made no promise that he would take any steps about purifying Scotch Gaelic. However, he did his best to publish our address to you, throughout Scotland; and we are exceedingly obliged to him for that.

It seems to us that it will be impossible for Gaelic to live in Ireland, or in Scotland, unless there be accord between you and us about it. If Scotch Gaelic publications could be easily understood in Ireland, and if Irish-Gaelic publications could be easily understood in Scotland—although not written in exactly the same dialect—we would not say a word about the unification of the Gaelic of the two countries. But, alas! there is not one Irishman in a hundred—no matter how well he might know his own language—who could understand clearly the dialect written by you at present.

We said, in our last letter to you, that it was within a hundred and fifty years that a change was made in the Gaelic of Scotland. Prof. MacKinnon admitted this fact, and said that the men who made the change were friends both of the Gael and of Gaelic. We cannot believe this; for, no one can love his country unless he loves the language that was spoken and written by his forefathers.

If we were convinced that a change was made in the Gaelic of Scotland, in order to make it more plain to the unlearned classes of that country, we would not say a word against it. But we know that it was not on account of the unlearned people that your language was changed. We know that the change was made in order to bring contention between you and us. You should hate, fervently, the memories of men who altered the language of your forefathers, and caused it to be despised by the learned of the world.

In order to prove to you that the vernacular Gaelic of Scotland and Ireland were the same, three hundred years ago; we will quote a passage from the first book ever printed in Gaelic, namely, "The Gaelic Prayer Book," which your own countryman, John Carsuel, wrote in the year 1567:

"Besides a large amount of the want of knowledge and the ignorance of those of whom I have already spoken arises from the want of faithful teaching among us, and of a good book which men could understand generally from their own words, and from their usual Gaelic language"—(See the chapter "To the Reader," page 20.)

Is it not plain from this that Carsuel wrote in the usual language of the Gaelic-speaking people of Scotland? There is no trace of the modern corruptions of Scotch Gaelic to be found in his work; it is entirely Irish Gaelic; although written by a Scotchman, and for Scotchmen. Perhaps you will say that many changes might take place in any language in three hundred years. True, there might, but why have not those *changes* taken place in Irish Gaelic during that time? It is only two years since the "Three Shafts of Death" was printed, but it was written nearly three hundred years previously, and is perfectly intelligible to any Irishman who understands Irish. It is not alone from Carsuel's book that we could prove that it was a forced change that was made in the Gaelic of Scotland, for there is not a Gaelic book to be found in Scotland, printed before the year 1750 or '60, that is not printed in Irish. If you search the history of every language in the world, you will not find that so great a change took place in any of them in five hundred years as took place in the Gaelic of Scotland in five generations.

What should we do, then, in order to improve the Gaelic of Scotland and Ireland, and bring them to the same written standard? How can we do anything better that to call a meeting of the best Gaelic scholars in Scotland and Ireland? Let them come together in a friendly manner, and let them do their best to regulate the spelling and grammar of Gaelic, so that Gaelic publications of both countries may be intelligible in the future both to Scotchmen and Irishmen.

Here are the names of six Irishmen, who, in our opinion, are most competent to take the part of Ireland in the meeting of which we have spoken, namely, Father O'Growney, Mr. Whitley Stokes, Mr. Patrick Joyce, Mr. Robert Atkinson, Mr S. H. O'Grady, and Mr. Douglas Hyde. It is for you to name six Scotchmen to represent your own country. We beg of you not to postpone this matter—for it is the most necessary and most urgent thing that can be done for the language of our respective countries.

Signed, on behalf of the Gaelic Society,
J. S. COLEMAN, President.
E. T. MAC. BYSTAL, Vice Pres.
P. KENT, Secretary.

Backed up by a cash offer—the statements that are made by the proprietors of Doctor Sage's Catarrh Remedy. They say that their medicine will *cure*, perfectly and permanently, the worst case of Chronic Catarrh in the Head—that not only Catarrh itself, but all the troubles that come from it, and every thing catarrhal in its nature, are cured by the mild, soothing, cleansing and healing properties of their remedy.

They can't say any more. Probably every medicine for Catarrh claims as much. But it's one thing to *promise* a cure—it's a very different thing to *perform* it. The proprietors of Dr. Sage's Remedy want to prove that they *mean* what they say. So they make this offer: If they can't cure your Catarrh, no matter how bad your case or of how long standing, they'll pay you $500 in cash. You're sure of the money or a cure. Isn't such a medicine worth trying?

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office.

H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

BATTLING WITH THE SIOUX!

The History of the Closing and Most Dramatic Epoch in American Indian Warfare, as Told by John F. Finerty.

The American, Irish-American and British Press Pronounce the Book to be a Literary, as Well as Historical, Triumph.

A VERY READABLE AND COMMENDABLE BOOK.

[*New York Critic.*]

With the causes of the war the army, of course, had nothing to do. The conduct of the officers and soldiers throughout seems to have been admirable. It was marked by equal bravery and humanity—virtues which had often to be exercised under very trying circumstances. The author, sharing in these good qualities, and having with them the effervescent spirit of his Irish temperament, and the ready pen of the practiced newspaper correspondent, was well qualified to be the historian of such a conflict. His style, if occasionally careless and some times luxuriant in expression, is always animated and graphic.

A TRUTHFUL AND SPIRITED STORY.

[*New York Nation, July 21.*]

If this stirring narrative is read as it deserves, the people will learn of hardships and peril encountered by their military forces that not one in a hundred thousand ever dreams of. The historian accompanied Crook on his Big Horn expedition, and, as there is no rear in an Indian fight, was in the thick of it on the Rosebud when Crook and the Sioux mutually recoiled. Mr. Finerty writes clearly, and evidently has an ancestral love of fighting from the facility with which he takes his place in the ranks. But he never boasts.

NO MILITARY WRITER EXCEEDS HIM FOR PICTORIAL DESCRIPTIVENESS.

[*Brooklyn Eagle.*]

"No military writer exceeds him for pictorial descriptiveness of either march, battle or bivouac, nor for the lighter touches of camp humor, incident and character, or those of natural scenery, which make such severe work tolerable to those who experience or those who read it. There are few such truthful and powerful pictures of military operations against brave and skilful savages in so vast a country, often as savage as the Indians to be fought."

ENTERTAINING AS ROMANTIC NOVEL.

[*Hon. J. Medill, Chicago Tribune.*]

"The author participated in nearly every skirmish of the campaigns of which he writes. His book, therefore, is not lacking in historical accuracy. Its arrangement is capital. The narrative never flags. It is as entertaining as a romatic novel. Here and there one finds eloquent bits of scenic description."

REVIEWED BY THE SAXONS.

London Saturday Review (Tory) July 12.

The best adventure in the book is "The Sibley Scout," the experiences of a small reconnoitring party sent out to discover Indians who, in large force, discovered them. Mr. Finerty with a hundred rounds of ammunition had occasion to expend much of it. The story, with its sudden turns, is excellently narrated.

REVIEWED BY THE SCOTCH.

[*Edinboro (Scotland) Scotsman.*]

"Mr. Finerty's narrative reads like a romance of Fenimore Cooper or of Mayne Reid; but it has also the impress of true history. General Crook is the chief hero of these battles and marches, night watches and surprises, among the wild scenery of the 'Bad Lands,' or on the wide stage of the prairie; and General Custer is the chief martyr. The 'red man' also deserves his meed of praise as a fighter; and in our century there have been few such formidable Indian figures as that of Sitting Bull.

A FASCINATING STORY.

[*Chicago Herald.*]

"A more fascinating story of Indian warfare it has not been our good fortune to read for many a day. Aside from mere personal interest the work is a valuable contribution to our western history, and should be read alike by those who love a story of adventure and those who are interested in the story of the subjugation of the West.

AN EX-CONFEDERATE'S OPINION.

[*Col. John George Ryan in The Press-Eagle, Pine Bluff, Ark.*]

Reader, send at once for a copy of John F. Finerty's recent book entitled "Warpath and Bivouac; or, the Conquest of the Sioux." It is a splendid contribution to the historical literature of the day, and should be within the walls of every household. The book reads more like a vivid romance than a concise narrative of adventures among, and battles with, hostile Indians. Mr. Finerty's book will read like an enchanting novel in the hands of a girl, while to the man who was often hid by the smoke of battle in 1861-5, or at other times, the work will be of absorbing interest.

NO NEW CHAPTER CAN BE ADDED.

[*Bismarck Tribune.*]

Even those familiar with the history of the Custer massacre will read with fresh interest the graphic details leading up to that terrible slaughter, as related by the *Times* correspondent, Mr. Finerty, and now offered to the public in the volume with the above title. The campaign of 1879, on the British line, which embraces Gen. Miles' battle with Chief Joseph; Sitting Bull's last fight, and the rounding up of that expedition, which might be considered as a termination of Indian warfare, forms an interesting part of the volume and it may safely be asserted that no new material will ever be furnished that can add another chapter of like interest to the history of progress on this continent in supplanting barbarism with civilization.

DIRECT, VIVID AND VIGOROUS.

[*New York Times.*]

"It is a handsome octavo volume of nearly 500 pages, furnished with well executed maps and illustrations, written in the author's nervous, vigorous and picturesque style. It gives a complete and circumstantial account of the great Indian wars of 1876 and 1879, not gathered piecemeal from what others have written, but told in the direct vivid way of one who saw and knew of what he writes."

IT WAS A TERRIBLE CAMPAIGN.

[*New York Herald.*]

"Mr. Finerty's story was not obtained at headquarters, or from official reports, but through participation in all the work described. He tells just such a tale as might be expected from an intelligent soldier, except that he gives us more details, all of them interesting, of camp life and the march."

NOTHING MORE GRAPHIC SINCE WASHINGTON IRVING

[*John Boyle O'Reilly, in Boston Pilot.*]

"In 'Warpath and Bivouac,' by John F. Finerty, we have the truthful story of the Sioux campaign of 1876, from the pen of a gallant correspondent who shared in all its thrilling dangers and vicissitudes. Nothing more graphic in that line has been written since Irving's stirring narratives of "Astoria" and "Captain Bonneville's Adventures."

A RELIGIOUS CRITIC.

[*New York Independent.*]

Mr. John F. Finerty, war correspondent of the Chicago *Times*, has graphically told the story of the conquest of the Sioux, which included some of the fiercest and bloodiest fighting ever done on our frontier. It is history that we have here, narrated by one of the active participants in the scenes depicted. Mr. Finerty writes in the true journalistic mood, with an eye to effect; but he tells all that one cares to know and tells it well.

MRS. GEN. JOHN A. LOGAN'S CRITICISM.

[*The Home Magazine.*]

"Warpath and Bivouac; or, The Conquest of the Sioux," by John F. Finerty is one of the brightest and best written stories of our conquest of the Indians that we have ever read. The gifted author has immortalized in eloquent language the sacrifices, trials, and hardships of our gallant officers and soldiers, in their long and trying chases after the wily red man, over ground well known to him, but unknown to them, graphically describing the many bloody conflicts with these treacherous foes. As a nation, we have not fully recognized the services of such heroic officers as Harney, Fremont, Sully, Stanley, Connors, Crook, Miles, Merritt, Terry, McKenzie, Gibbon, Carr, Lawton, Custer, McCauly, Fetterman, Kidder, Elliott, Brown, Grummond, Yates, McKinney, and a host of others, who have displayed such signal ability and dauntless courage in their campaigns and intercourse with the hostile Indians, far too many falling victims to these rapscious savages. We have lost sight of their deeds of daring in our desire to reward the soldiers of the civil war.

The unmarked graves, butchered bodies, and bleaching bones of the fallen on the plains, and in the mountains of the Far West, should not appeal to us in vain. Mr. Finerty has placed the facts before the public as they have never been placed before, and he deserves for his noble work the thanks of the whole country, and a rich harvest from the sale of his book.

TRUTHFUL AND PICTURESQUE.

[*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*]

"The pictures of the life on the frontier are splendidly drawn. Wherever a soldier or friend fell in answer to the summons, or performed an act of heroism, it will be found recorded in 'Warpath and Bivouac.'"

MORE ATTRACTIVE THAN FICTION.

[*Scranton (Pa.) Truth.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book is more attractive than fiction. It depicts with the facile pen of a man who sees and appreciates the picturesque in real life, some of the most thrilling incidents of Indian history, and the author has brought to his task the great merit of accuracy. The volume deserves a large sale."

INTERESTING FROM START TO FINISH.

[*Chicago Morning News.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book contains all the material facts of a history of the operations against the Sioux, but it is written in a narrative style and is interesting from start to finish. His descriptions of the Rosebud fight, the "Sibley Scout," the engagement at Slim Buttes, and his story of the long march in pursuit of the Indians after the Custer massacre, have never been equaled."

INTERESTING AS FENIMORE COOPER.

[*Chicago Evening Journal.*]

"Probably the most exciting chapters of the work are those in which are described the adventures of the Sibley scouting expedition, which the author obtained leave to accompany, and which came near resulting in the capture and death of all who took part in it. The story of the way in which this little band of men were surprised by the Indians, of their siege by ever-increasing numbers of savage foes, of their stout resistance, and of their skilfully managed retreat when all escape seemed hopeless, is none the less interesting because it is strictly true, and is quite as thrilling as a chapter of Fenimore Cooper's novels."

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THE LATEST FROM CHILI

Two Important Pieces of Information Received.

CRUISERS FOR MAGELLAN STRAITS.

They Will Be Sent There by the Chilian Government to Protect the Coaling Station and a Conflict with Admiral Walker's Fleet May Result—Thirteen Thousand Stand of Mannlicher Rifles Purchased by Chili in Belgium.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 19.—The war cloud still hangs heavily over Washington. The chances for a peaceful settlement of the difficulties between the United States and the long, narrow strip of land on the west coast of South America are less than they were forty-eight hours ago—and they were not promising then—because of two very important pieces of information the president has received in that time. The president has believed that the delay in the Chilian response to the American demand was only to become better ready to resist this demand, rather than the ostensible desire to more fully consider it, which was the reason offered by Minister Montt. The information mentioned comes from two sources. The first is from Verviers, a gun-making town of Belgium.

Arms Delivered to Chili.

An American military attache of one of the legations has telegraphed that 13,000 stand of Mannlicher military rifles were delivered to a Chilian officer Dec. 31, and are now on the way to their destination. They had about that number in their late civil war. The second dispatch is still more important. It is the verification of statement that a Chilian cruiser was to be sent to Magellan straits to protect the coaling station there. Instead of one Captain Evans reports positive information that four of the best cruisers in the Chilian navy will leave Valparaiso Jan. 20 on this mission with a torpedo boat besides. From another officer comes the additional information that the captain of one of the English ships of war in those waters says that the Chilian commander informed him that the fleet was going on a special mission. "You may be astonished before long," he said.

Will Walker Be Stopped?

This news is startling, as it is intimated that Admiral Walker's fleet may be halted there and directed to turn back or risk a fight. This is the most serious indication of Chili's hostile intention that the navy department has received. Naval officers say it can mean but one thing, which is that Chili intends opening the ball herself. The enterprise and daring of the Chilian officers are beyond question, and it is quite within the range of probabilities that just such a course will be taken. The vessels to go are said to be the Esmeralda, the Almirante Cochrane, the Pinto, a new, unarmored cruiser, whose sailing rate is nineteen knots, and the Condell, the famous fast torpedo boat that blew up the Blanco Encalado.

Montt Sends a Dispatch.

Senor Montt has sent to the minister of foreign affairs a dispatch of several hundred words, advising Pereoia of the determination of the United States and the warlike feeling which pervades every department and congress, and strongly urging him to make some definite advances which might serve to allay the bitter feeling at Washington. The minister has not until now realized the full extent of the war feeling at Washington, and forcibly tells Pereoia that the fullness of our preparations is a matter of surprise to him.

CHILI ANXIOUS FOR WAR.

What the Chaplain of the Cruiser Baltimore Has to Say.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 19.—Rev. Joseph McIntyre, chaplain of the cruiser Baltimore, addressed the Methodist Ministers' club on Chili and her antagonism to the United States. In regard to the present state of affairs the chaplain said that the people are inflamed with their success over their own countrymen and are clamoring for war. The ministers became quite excited over the prospects of war and asked a number of questions, one of which particularly affects this city. It was, "What would be the chances of Chili bombarding this city in case of war?" In response the chaplain said: "They cannot spare vessels, but still it would be just like them to try it."

Ordered to Valparaiso.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 19.—Orders were issued from the navy department Tuesday to concentrate the squadrons under Admiral Gherardi and Admiral Walker at Valparaiso, Chili. Admiral Gherardi has been designated to command the vessels on the Pacific station. At present Admiral Gherardi with his squadron is at Port-au-Prince, West India islands. The vessels of his squadron consist of the Philadelphia, Concord, and Kearsarge. Admiral Walker's squadron is at Montevideo. The Chicago, Atlanta, and Bennington comprise the vessels under his command.

Opened a Recruiting Office.

SAN DIEGO, Cal., Jan. 19.—General D. E. Coon, who a few days ago wired the president for permission to organize a company of civil war veterans for service in Chili has opened a recruiting office and secured signatures of a large number of citizens, both veterans and otherwise who are ready to go on first transport.

The Philadelphia Sails for Montevideo.

NEW YORK, Jan. 10.—The Herald's Barbados dispatch says that the United States cruiser Philadelphia, Admiral Gherardi's flagship, sailed from there Monday for Montevideo.

A Rhode Islander Ready to Fight.

PROVIDENCE, Jan. 19.—Lieutenant Hogkinson, of the Bristol navy reserve, has offered the services of his command to Secretary Tracy in the event of war with Chili.

Cleveland Sweeps Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 19.—The friends of Grover Cleveland, under the leadership of Secretary of State Harridy, swept the city at the Democratic primaries, electing seventy out of eighty-five delegates to the state convention. This makes the election of ten straight Cleveland men, a solid delegation from Philadelphia, to the national convention.

Judge Ruger's Successor.

ALBANY, Jan. 19.—Governor Flower sent the nomination of Judge Robert Earl, of the court of appeals, to be chief judge of the court of appeals in the place of Judge Ruger.

DOWN AN EMBANKMENT.

Frightful Accident Which Befell a Sleighing Party Near Pittsburg.

PITTSBURG, Jan. 19.—A party of twelve young people met with a terrible accident on the road from here to Harmony Sunday night while out sleighing. The sleigh was tossed down a deep hill some three hundred feet and two of the party were so badly injured that their recovery is doubtful, while the rest of the occupants of the sleigh are painfully hurt. The driver of the sleigh attempted to take the vehicle down a steep hill, which was heavily-coated with ice.

Slipped Over the Edge.

The horses could not keep their footing, and when at the very highest point of the hill they slipped over the edge, carrying with them the sleigh and the entire party, save the driver who jumped and saved himself. Sleigh, horses and the fourteen ladies and gentlemen were landed at the bottom of the hill in the heap. When rescued it was found that Miss Elizabeth Martin had her spine badly injured and if she lives, will be a cripple for life. Miss Long was struck by one of the horses and received a gash four inches across the forehead.

WILL BE A GOOD DEMOCRAT.

Cleveland will Endorse the Action of the National Convention.

NEW ORLEANS, Jan. 19.—Mr. Cleveland, in company with Charles Jefferson, came, here early Monday afternoon and shortly afterward left for Orange Island, Joe Jefferson's plantation, where a week will be spent hunting and fishing. The ex-president was not much inclined to talk, but said in regard to his candidacy for president: "I am only a private citizen, and there is no need for me to accept or decline an honor that has not been tendered me. The national issue, I believe, will be the tariff, but as a good Democrat I shall stand by the action of the party in the coming contest." He declined to discuss the situation in New York except to say that all was serene in that state.

Separation of Church and State.

WASHINGTON Jan. 19.—A memorial introduced by Springer, from the League for the Protection of American Institutions, and which he asked to have printed in The Record, a request objected to, proposes that no state shall pass any law respecting the establishment of any religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof or use its property or credit or any money raised by taxation or authorize either to be used for the purpose of founding, maintaining or aiding by appropriate payment for services, expenses or otherwise, any church, religious denomination, or religious society or any institution, society, or undertaking which is wholly or in part, under sectarian or eccelsiastical control.

Keeping Franklin's Memory Green.

NEW YORK, Jan. 19.—The 186th anniversary of the birth of Benjamin Franklin, printer, was observed by the Typothetæ with a dinner at the Hotel Brunswick, to which 175 members and guests sat down. The banquet was held in the ballroom which was elaborately decorated with the stars and stripes. An original painting of Franklin, now in fragments, adorned the wall back of the president, Theodore L. Davinnes. Mr. Carl Schurz was the speaker of the evening. The event was also observed at Chicago by a banquet by the Typothetæ.

A General Snowstorm.

CHICAGO, Jan. 19.—At daylight Tuesday snow had fallen all over the west for over thirty hours with no signs of a discontinuance. The storm extends from the Rocky mountains to the St. Lawrence valley and from Manitoba to Texas. An average of about one foot of snow has fallen in this territory. In the northwest the storm is accompanied by extreme cold, the mercury ranging from 20 to 40 below zero in Minnesota and North and South Dakota. Railroad traffic has been somewhat impeded, but no actual blockades have been reported.

Wrecked by a Broken Switch Rod.

NEWTON, Kan., Jan. 19.—The fast mail train on the Santa Fe was wrecked here at 11:30 Monday morning. A switch rod broke as the engine passed, allowing the rails to spread. W. J. Jones, formerly private secretary to ex-Senator Ingalls, was the mail agent and received painful but not fatal injuries. The mail car was thrown across the track and turned over on its side. The baggage and smoking cars left the track but remained up all right. The passengers hardly realized that a wreck had taken place.

Have Nothing to Do with the Case.

WASHINGTON, Jan: 19.—The supreme court of the United States Monday in a case involving the construction of the immigration restriction law passed by the last congress, decided that a decision of the immigration inspector as to whether or not an immigrant came within the prohibitory clause of the law, was binding, and reviewable only by the treasury department and not by the courts.

Shall Have Bedfellows.

PARIS, Jan. 19.—The Republique Francaise, in a stirring article on the situation of affairs in Morocco, says that France would oppose with all her strength a British occupation of Morocco, which, it says, would be a lasting humiliation for Europe. In conclusion, The Republique Francaise says that "if the British blue jackets want to sleep in Tangiers, they shall have bedfellows."

Secretary Blaine Again Ill.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 19.—Secretary Blaine was taken suddenly ill at the cabinet meeting Tuesday shortly after 12 o'clock. He was assisted to his carriage by Secretary Elkins and taken to his residence and the family physician summoned. His illness was a recurrence of the attack of nausea from which he suffered on Jan. 6, when he was taken home from the state department.

Tried to Mob the Minister.

VIENNA, Jan. 19.—In the city of Kashau, Hungary, the Hungarian minister of justice, D. Szilagyi, was addressing a Liberal meeting, when a disturbance broke out and a large number of people attempted to mob the minister. The police were unable to deal with the riot and a body of infantry was called upon and cleared the streets by a bayonet charge.

Rudyard Kipling Married.

LONDON, Jan. 19.—The Pall Mall Gazette says that Rudyard Kipling, the well-known author, was quietly married Monday to Miss Carolyn Balestier at All Souls church, in Portland place. The Pall Mall Gazette adds that Henry James and Edmund Gosse were the witnesses of the marriage.

MAY GET A RESPITE.

Di Graves Appeals to the Governor for More Time.

DENVER, Jan. 18.—Dr. Graves through his attorneys, Wells, Macon and Furnam has applied to Governor Rouett for a reprieve of sixty days. His petition is accompanied by his affidavit in which he denies that he is guilty and avers that it will require at least thirty days for the stenographer to prepare a transcript of the case for his appeal to the supreme court. It also states that the reported errors were made by Judge Rising during the trial.

What the Governor Says.

The affidavits of Macon, Wells and Furnan accompany the petition and are much the same, and besides charge that one of Judge Rising's instructions to the jury is in direct conflict with the decision of the supreme court of Colorado. They also declare that it will be impossible for the supreme court to pass upon the appeal before the time set for the defendant's execution. The governor assured the attorneys that he would grant the reprieve if it became apparent that the supreme court could not pass on the case before the time set for the execution.

NATURAL GAS EXPLOSION.

The Residence of Judge Brazee, at Lancaster, O., Blown Up.

LANCASTER, O., Jan. 18.—At 6:30 o'clock Monday morning occurred the most disastrous explosion of natural gas in the history of natural gas here. The residence of John S. Brazee, a two-story brick on North Columbus street, was leveled to the ground. Mrs. Brazee, four grown children and the servant were in bed at the time, Judge Brazee being the only occupant stirring. He was blown sixty feet across the street, where he was found unconscious and bleeding from severe wounds about the head.

Saved by a Miracle.

It seems almost a miracle that none of the sleeping occupants of the house were seriously injured. The walls fell outward, and this probably saved their lives. Windows were broken for several squares around, and the organ in an adjoining church was ruined. The shock was felt for miles around. A leak in a pipe, it is supposed, filled the cellar and library with gas, which was ignited from the grate. The house and all its contents are ruined.

FIXING UP THE MONITORS.

Activity at the League Island Navy Yard —The Monitor Montauk.

PHILADLPHIA, Jan.—After years of comparative idleness the League island navy yard Monday began to show signs of life and industry. In pursuance of orders from Washington the formidable monitor Montauk will be prepared at once for service. A force of men was put to work Monday morning sufficient to equip the vessel for sea in three weeks.

The Nahant and Jason.

Captain Coghlan, acting commandant at League island, remarked that if urgent necessity required it, the Montauk could be equipped in a week. Captain Coghlan added that the two other monitors at League island—the Nahant and Jason—could also be gotten ready for service in a week. Though the orders from the navy department were brief and unexplained, the officers at the yard naturally construe them as bearing on the Chilian troubles.

Hotel Fire at Babcock, Wis.

BABCOCK, Wis., Jan. 18.—At 1 o'clock Saturday morning fire started in the Oakland hotel, a large two-story frame structure, and in a short time the building, with most of its furnishings, was reduced to ashes. The fire originated from a stovepipe that had become disconnected, and igniting the ceiling of the lower story spread rapidly through the rooms. The guests fled precipitately before the flames and escaped by jumping from windows, many of them leaving their clothes behind. The building was owned by the Babcock Land company and is supposed to be covered by insurance.

After the Appropriation.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 18.—The committee on federal legislation of the World's fair has assembled here. This committee which is one of the most important connected with the Columbian exposition, is especially charged with getting congress to make an appropriation for the fair, so as to make it conform to the broader scope given it by the national commissioners. It is not believed that the passage of the Holman resolution will prevent a liberal appropriation being made for the exposition.

Powder Mills Blown Up.

CATLETTSBURG, Ky., Jan. 18.—The Phœnix powder mills at Kellogg, W. Va., blew up with terrific force at 6 a. m. Monday, instantly killing five men and so badly injuring two more that they are not expected to live till night. The killed are: Archie Livingstone, Ed Winton, John Benton, Charles Scott, John Schauster. Injured: Ed Cook and John Crouse, fatally burned; Reese Estep, burned; John Justice, struck by timber; Charles Nally, cut on head.

No Competitive Drill.

DENVER, Jan. 18.—In view of objections made by the grand master of the grand encampment Knights Templar, it has been decided not to have a competitive drill at the coming conclave. These competitive drills usually resulted in discord, and those not securing prizes sometimes charge unfairness. To avoid any ill feeling it has been decided to have an exhibition drill, the purpose of which will be announced later.

Two of the Crew Drowned.

LONDON, Jan. 18.—During a gale the British brig Wellington, which was proceeding up the Tyne was dashed against the stern of the Huntsman, a British steamship which stranded near the South pier, at Shields, recently. One side of the Wellington was stove in, causing her to sink in a few minutes after the accident. Two of her crew were drowned.

Wisconsin Treasury Suits.

MADISON, Jan. 18.—Judge Newman filed an opinion in the treasury suits, in which action was brought against ex-state treasurers to recover interest on state money. The decision is favorable to the state and orders a return of both principal and interest—in all nearly $600,000.

Quay's Libel Suit Begun.

BEAVER, Pa., Jan. 18.—Senator Quay's libel suit against The Star was called in court at 10:45 o'clock Monday morning. At the time of the noon adjournment the jury had been empanelled and consisted of eleven Republicans and one Democaat. The courtroom was well filled with spectators.

NEWS OF A WEEK.

Items of Interest Condensed for Busy Readers.

Charles L. Walters, son of a Chicagoan, was arrested at Minneapolis for vagrancy. He is said to have lost about $11,000 during the last two months gambling.

John C. Davis, a lawyer of Wilmington, N. C., is in jail charged with giving to a church $30,000 in money and real estate belonging to widows and orphans.

Thomas Marshall, champion shot of Illinois, and C. W. Budd, champion of Iowa, will enter a competitive bout for $1,000 a side, to be held at Oskaloosa, Ia., some time in February.

A resolution has been introduced in the Ohio house of representatives to investigate Calvin S. Brice's eligibility to a seat in the United States senate from Ohio.

Charlie, the 8 year-old son of John Weathers of Findlay, Ills., was killed by being caught in the cog wheels of his father's traction engine.

Frank Ryburn, son of a wealthy farmer of Bloomington, Ills., was accidentally shot and killed while hunting.

Matthew Barr, an aged farmer, walked off a train going at full speed near Independence, Ia., and was killed.

The national Prohibition campmeeting will be held at Oakland Park, near Decatur, Ills., July 14 to July 24.

Judge Cott of the United States court at Boston has decided that common goat hair was entitled to entry free of duty.

Masked men entered the house of Father Sullivan, a priest, at Gilmore City, Ia and robbed the housekeeper of $300 in money.

The Nebraska City (Neb.) distillery, which was burned recently, has been rebuilt.

The snowstorm in Ireland was very heavy on Sunday. At Tyrone the drifts became so great about a funeral procession that beitcame necessary to abandon the hearse in a snowdrift.

The Independence (Iowa) branch of the B., C. R. & N. railroad will be widened to standard gauge.

Canadian wire manufacturers have formed a trust.

The front of a saloon at Ashland, Wis., was blown to fragments by an explosion of gas. The wife of the proprietor was seriously injured.

Fire at Rapidan, Minn., did $50,000 damages. Insurance, $20,000.

As the result of Emperor William's strictures upon immorality the police of Berlin are making sweeping evictions throughout the slums of the city.

Robert Bonner refused to let Sunol race with Nancy Hanks for a purse of $10,000. He says that no horse of his can ever race for money.

* * *

At Brooklyn the Rev. William R. Robinson resigned from the Baptist denomination because he no longer considered immersion necessary.

William Stephens, of Lima, O., stabbed George Fremont, instantly killing him. The men were engaged in a rough-and-tumble fight.

A passenger train on the Ord branch of the Union Pacific railroad was wrecked near Grand Island, Neb., by a broken rail. One passenger was fatally and two were seriously hurt.

Louis Clovis Bonaparte, son of the late Prince Louis Lucien Bonaparte, was charged, upon a warrant in a London police court, with conspiring to defraud Rosolie Clovis Bonaparte out of a diamond necklace and other jewels valued at $100,000. The charge is an outcome of the suit for divorce brought by Mrs. Bonaparte. The prisoner was remanded.

The Vanceburg Deposit bank at Louisville, Ky., closed on account of a run occasioned by dissatisfaction among the stockholders. The stock was $25,000. The business will be wound up. The bank was sound financially.

At Worcester, Mass., the mills of the Pratt Manufacturing company were burned. Loss, $60,000.

Anti-Jewish outbreaks have occurred in many villages in Pensa and Saratoy, Russia. The houses of a number of Jews suspected of hoarding corn for the purpose of raising the price in the market have been burned and many Jews killed.

James Walsh, a commission merchant of New Orleans, has made an assignment. Assets, $136,000; liabilities, $98,000.

By a premature explosion of blasting powder in Boston several workmen were badly injured.

The mansion of Sir John Everrft Millais, the distinguished English painter, at Perth, Scotland, burned.

An orange and lemon trust has been formed at Riverside, Cal.

Half of the business portion of Agency, Iowa, was burned.

The Post, an evening paper at Columbus, O., charges that Senator Sherman paid Representative Daugherty $3,500 for his vote. Daugherty has asked an investigation and in the meantime the grand jury has taken the matter up.

* * *

Alston Ellis, superintendent of Hamilton, Ohio, public schools, one of the foremost educators of the state, has accepted the presidency of the Colorado State Agricultural college at Fort Collins.

John A. Steinlein, a lawyer, was asphyxiated during a $30,000 fire at Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul, is likely to become a cardinal, it is said.

Chattel mortgages aggregating $51,500 have been filed at Detroit on the stock of Daniels & Ives, wholesale dealers in notions and furnishing goods.

Chairman Walker of the Western Traffic association is to have his salary reduced to $12,000 a year.

The Indiana Democratic state committee has decided to hold the state convention on the 14th of April at Indianapolis.

A New York newspaper polled the New Jersey legislature on presidential preferences with this result: Democrats—Grover Cleveland, 31; David B. Hill, 9; Leon Abbott, 6; William C. Whitney, 1; Gray, 1; absent, 3; non-committal, 4; no choice, 3. Republicans—Benjamin Harrison, 7; James G. Blaine, 9; non-committal, 3; no choice, 3.

The American Sugar Trust has increased its capital stock to $25,000,000.

Stakes and purses for the Latonia spring meeting, to open May 21, exceed $100,000. Mr. Sheridan has been engaged as starter.

The Standard Fire Insurance company, of New York, will reinsure its risks and retire from business.

The products of Montana ranges and mines for 1891 are said to be worth over $55,000,000.

Mr. Laurier, leader of the Canadian Liberals, in a speech at Kingston spoke in favor of unrestricted reciprocity with the United States.

Maggie Whitney, aged 18, and her mother were arrested at Ottawa, Ills., for infanticide. The girl threw her illegitimate babe in a snow bank, where dogs found it and tore it to pieces.

* * *

General Datus E. Coon, commander of Heintzelman post, G. A. R., San Diego, Cal., has telegraphed the president, asking permission to raise a brigade of troops for service against Chili.

General Kent, who was a noted officer in the Crimean war, committed suicide at Exeter, England.

Chinese officials at Canton are said to have violated treaty obligations by confiscating the property of a British merchant and arresting his servants.

Chauncey Depew says that $300,000 is not enough to represent New York at the fair.

The railroads centering at Chicago will expend $10,000,000 in preparations for the the World's fair.

Two children of William Allen, Jr., of Millbrook, Mich., tipped a lamp over and were burned to death.

John Winters was frozen to death near Yankton, S. D.

Eisenberg & Clapp, umbrella manufacturers of New York, have assigned.

Only one woman of the upper class in Egypt is permitted to see men. She is the widowed Princess Nazal, for whom the sultan issued an order granting her that privilege.

Frosts have damaged the fruit interests in the San Gabriel valley, California, $1,000,000.

The Rev. Joseph Cook of Boston is mentioned in connection with the Prohibition nomination for president this year.

William Meck, on trial for killing Mrs. Jeannete Nich at Ironton, Pa., was found guilty of murder in the first degree.

At Terre Haute, Ind., the machine shop of Rose Polytechnic school was damaged $15,000 by fire; insured.

* * *

A Detroit firm has a scheme to announce in every large city in the country by electrical annunciator the opening of the World's fair, the president to touch the button.

Partnership trouble has led to the appointment of a receiver at Milwaukee for the trunk manufactory of Abal, Bach & Fitzgerald. The firm employs 200 skilled hands and nine traveling men, and owns a plant valued at $212,723.

Exports from the United States during December are figured at $116,000,000, the largest ever known. For December, 1890, the exports were $98,000,000.

Mrs. Ella Boyd, of Jewett, Ill., has become insane from the effects of the grip.

For some years the Pullman Palace Car company has resisted the payment of taxes in Kansas on the ground that taxes were paid in Illinois on the stock of the company. The United States supreme court has decided that the company must pay personal taxes in Kansas.

At a large gathering of Irish-Americans in Detroit the Detroit branch of the Irish National Federation of America was organized. The object of the association is to sustain the cause of home rule in Ireland.

There is said to be much suffering among the miners injured in the explosion at Krebs and the families of the victims. The public are requested to send food and clothing in care of James Elliott, Krebs, I. T.

Thomas H. Rose, a photographer of Indianapolis has been declared insane.

A new company is to be formed to fight the cigarette trust. The capital will be $1,000,000.

George C. Hitt, who resigned as vice consul general at London, has arrived at New York with his family. He will resume the management of the Indianapolis Journal.

At Monticello, Ills., the thermometer reached 17 degrees below zero Thursday morning, making it the coldest weather that has been experienced there for eleven years.

The annual report of the Michigan bank commissioner shows that at the close of the year 1891 there were 134 state banks and three trust companies in the state, with total assets of $65,191,972.

* * *

Charles Moxley, colored, has been arrested for getting a drove of cattle under false pretenses from O. M. Miller of Spencerville, O.

The North Alabama Improvement company has sold and transferred all its properties to the Northwestern Land association of Pierre, S. D. It involved $6,000,000 worth of property.

The exhibit of business at the Philadelphia custom house shows imports valued at $62,438,000 for 1891, against $56,057,000 for 1890; and exports of $42,845,000, against $36,462,000 during the previous year.

Census returns show the population of Newfoundland and Labrador to be 202,000, an increase in the last seven years of only 4,100, or at the rate of 2¼ per cent. Emigration is the main cause of the decline. The population of St. Johns decreased by more than 2,000 in the last seven years.

John B. Lehman, the Custer City, S. D., murderer, who was declared sane by a jury has been sentenced to hang on the 19th of February. His attorneys have filed notice of appeal to the supreme court.

William S. Payne has been found guilty at Salem, Ills., of the murder of William S. Payne and sentenced to eight years' imprisonment.

The projected zollverein between Russia and Finland has been abandoned. Henceforth Finnish products imported into Russia will be subject to the same increased duties that are applied to imports from other countries.

Influenza of a malignant type has appeared in the western part of Cork county, Ireland. Nine deaths from the disease have occurred in the Skibbereen workhouse within a week.

Four boys were coasting on a hill near Newcastle, Pa., when their bob sled ran into a sleigh. Walter Johnson, aged 14, was kicked in the head by one of the horses and Mrs. Buchanan, the occupant of the sleigh, was thrown out. Both were fatally injured.

Paris has 190 public schools for boys and 174 for girls.

The coal taken to London by rail and canal exceeds 8,000,000 tons per annum.

The greatest hop producing county in the United States is said to be Otsego, New York, where the yield is estimated at 4,608,688 pounds annually.

A full-blooded Indian of the Omaha tribe, Martin Chase, has been admitted to practice in the federal court at Omaha. This is Nebraska's first and only Indian lawyer.

Two more national banks, the Coleman and First National, respectively of Coleman and Crocket, Tex., have been authorized to begin business.

At the funeral of Miss Josephine Matthewson in Boston a friend, D. K. McLeod, created a sensation by declaring the girl was not dead. The body was taken back to the house, but all efforts to revive it proved futile.

Editor Barrett of the Boston Advertiser has been chosen for the fourth time speaker of the Massachusetts house of representatives. The choice was unanimous.

In Vienna there is a club of rich men pledged to marry poor girls. If a member marries a rich girl he is fined $2,000, the money being presented to some worthy impecunious couple engaged to be married.

A company making aluminum in Neuhausen, Germany, have again lowered the price of that metal from 8 to 5 marks a kilogramme. The price is one-third that of nickel, and only 20 per cent. higher than copper.

The proposition of certain Tennesseans that each state of the late Confederacy should provide a $1,000 pension for Mrs. Jefferson Davis meets with considerable favor in the south.

Mrs. Laura V. Appleton was awarded $600,000 from the estate of John Anderson, the late New York tobacconist.

The Vanderbilt Yacht Case.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 11.—The supreme court has decided the Vanderbilt yacht case in a manner favorable to the owner, Mr. Vanderbilt. The right of the federal court to assess the duties on the yacht is sustained and Collector Fassett's position is overruled.

Fashion in Pill Boxes.

You saw the customer ahead of you. You heard him ask what sort of pill boxes we are using this season. There is a fashion in pill boxes the same as in hats and bonnets and parasols. Some years the round pill box of the olden times is the rage. Then we have the oblong box and the box which has a drawer in it. There is a variety of shades in these boxes. Some seasons they run to one color altogether, and there are customers who insist upon their pills being put into the box which is all the go. A woman sent back a box of capsules because the box was black when the fashionable shade is pink. These things do not prevail in such stores as ours, but in the parlor drug stores in the swell centers they have to observe these niceties to the letter.—Pharmacist in Chicago Tribune.

Effective Way of Cutting Iron.

It is well known that a smooth disk of steel driven at a high speed will cut in two a file held to the edge of the disk. This principle does not seem to have been practically used save in an instance recorded in a government armory. The ends of tempered steel ramrods, such as were in use twenty-five years ago, were being treated and the material was found to be too hard to cut. Some small wheels of iron, about six inches in diameter and one inch thick, were brought into requisition. They were driven at the rate of 6,000 revolutions per minute, and melted or abraded the metal away instantly, at the same time drawing the temper so that a screw thread could afterward be cut on the end of the tempered rod.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Four Well Insured Men.

The Earl of Dudley holds the largest life insurance ever effected, the amount being for $6,000,000. Second in the list comes Mr. Wanamaker, whose policies of $5,250,000 exceed that of the czar of all the Russias by $250,000. Fourth comes the Prince of Wales, whose life is insured for $2,625,000.—Yankee Blade.

Irrelevant Theft.

An Arkansas man is seeking the passage of a law which shall punish what he calls "irrelevant theft" more severely than other species of larceny. The stealing of a valuable copy of Shakespeare by a teamster first moved him to advocate such a statute. Among other things he says:

"I would say nothing if a blacksmith were to steal a bellows, or if a plumber were to purloin a roll of lead pipe, but I do cry out in just denunciation when a carter, who couldn't read his name even if it were thrown with calcium light on the bosom of Lake Michigan, steals a rare volume of Shakespeare."—New York Recorder.

An Extensive Salt Mine.

The most extensive salt mine in the world is in Wieliczka, near Cracow, Austro-Hungary. For 600 years it has been constantly worked, and from it 55,000 tons of salt are annually taken. The mass of salt in it is estimated to be 500 miles long, 20 miles broad and 1,200 feet in depth. Its collective galleries are fully 30 miles in length, and its lower levels contain streets and houses, making it a complete underground village.—Yankee Blade.

What is Scrofula

It is that impurity in the blood, which, accumulating in the glands of the neck, produces unsightly lumps or swellings; which causes painful running sores on the arms, legs, or feet; which developes ulcers in the eyes, ears, or nose, often causing blindness or deafness; which is the origin of pimples, cancerous growths, or many other manifestations usually ascribed to "humors." It is a more formidable enemy than consumption or cancer alone, for scrofula combines the worst possible features of both. Being the most ancient, it is the most general of all diseases or affections, for very few persons are entirely free from it.

How can it be cured? By taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, by the cures it has accomplished, often when other medicines have failed, has proven itself to be a potent and peculiar medicine for this disease. For all affections of the blood Hood's Sarsaparilla is unequalled, and some of the cures it has effected are really wonderful. If you suffer from scrofula in any of its various forms, be sure to give Hood's Sarsaparilla a trial.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer who will send me their Express and P. O. address.

T. A. Slocum, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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CHICAGO, JANUARY 23, 1892.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—Pitou's Stock Co.

M'VICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between Dearborn and State—"That Girl From Mexico."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Corner Clark and Washington Sts.—De Wolf Hopper Opera Co.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—"Thermidor."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Hoyt's "A Midnight Bell."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—"Boys and Girls."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"The Red Spider."

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

ENGLAND'S "GOOD OFFICES" WITH CHILI.

Having done all that lay within the power of her agents, not excepting Kennedy, her resident minister, to bring about ill feeling between our government and that of Chili, England, with that marvelous gall which has been the astonishment of mankind, seeing that Uncle Sam is earnest in his desire to avenge the recent insult offered to our flag, and fearing that consequent complications may injure her commercial prospects, now comes forward in the role of mediator. It will be well for President Harrison and his advisers to be wary in dealing with this treacherous power, which schemes when it can and fights only when it must. "When you sup with the devil use a long spoon," says the proverb. When you accept the "mediation" of England be sure that she is not all the time trying to outwit and to outflank you. The truth is that neither Chili nor England expected the United States to spring so suddenly into an attitude of warlike activity. Accustomed to the truckling of Seward and Reverdy Johnson, Hamilton Fish, Bayard and Frelinghuysen, they were not prepared for the hereditary grit of Harrison, and the bold persistency of Blaine. In this instance, at least, the administration has done its full duty, and no loyal American citizen, whether Republican, Democrat or Independent, can do else than applaud its vigorous and self respecting action.

It is not to England, nor to any other foreign power, that this great nation must look for redress for injury or apology for insult. Those requirements must be enforced at the muzzles of her guns, if all peaceful methods within her own jurisdiction fail. What right, anyhow, has England to obtrude her "services" upon us? Why should we put faith in her—the only European power that has ever seriously injured or menaced us? We need not go back to the war of 1812 for examples of her hostility. If we are a united nation today she is not to be thanked for it. If we have a ship that carries the national flag it is through no good will on her part. Russia, in view of her friendly attitude during the civil war, might, with consistency and propriety, offer to be a mediator. So might Germany. France, misled by the tortuous policy of that imperial mountebank and traitor, Napoleon III, has, under a republican regime, given us many proofs that she is still the land of Lafayette, Rochambeau and De Grasse. It would not be unnatural for France to make the friendly offer. But England! Have we, then, forgotten the Alabama? Did any other nation have to pay us $15,000,000 for running our merchantmen to death, while our hands were tied by domestic warfare? And that $15,000,000 of direct damages was only a bagatelle when compared with the hundreds of millions of indirect damages occasioned by the virtual destruction of our commerce on the high seas. A recent telegram from Washington, dealing with question of British mediation, says:

"President Harrison's official advisers point out that this government would suffer no loss of dignity nor make any sacrifice of pride in accepting the friendly offices of Great Britain, and call attention to the fact that mediation and arbitration are entirely different and distinct things. The president is well known to be opposed to arbitration, which refers settlement of the dispute to a third party, but mediation is viewed with more favor because it is simply the introduction of friendly help in carrying on the negotiations, the negotiations themselves being left in the hands of the principals.

"In the minds of some of the president's immediate advisers there is still a conviction that war is inevitable. Their belief is that Chili is simply temporizing and endeavoring to tide over another crisis by doing just enough to appease Uncle Sam and yet not enough to afford him final satisfaction. On the whole, however, the talk is less warlike in the administration than it has been for some time. Now that it is certain the English have taken a hand at the other end of the line, it is believed that the Chilians will soon perceive the necessity of humbling their pride.

"English help in case of war, English interference for the sake of protecting English financial and commercial interests in Chili, is one of the things on which the Chilians have relied, and which has added no little to their self confidence and sauciness. But with England strongly intimating that Chili must make peace or suffer the consequences, it is believed the Montt government will risk popular disfavor and accede to the demands of the United States."

THE CITIZEN has no faith whatever in the friendship of England for this country, especially under a Tory government headed by the ambitious Marquis of Salisbury. Her hand has been shown in the whole discreditable conduct of Chili since the first trouble began. Her minister showed it in an unmanly attempt to insult Minister Egan at a state reception in Valparaiso, on which occasion Mr. Egan, with a wit and spirit at once creditable to him as an Irishman by birth and an American by adoption, said "a gentleman would not insult me and a blackguard cannot."

Only the other day, a representative of the Chilian government in Washington said, "nearly all the Americans assailed at Valparaiso were Irish," as if that made any difference. There England's hand was shown again. Chilians, unless prejudiced by English influence, would never think of discriminating against the martial race that gave them an O'Higgins and a Lynch. But if all the Chilians were O'Higginses and Lynches, and still remained the enemies of America, which we do not think they would, we Irish-Americans would regard them in the same light as those of our countrymen who serve under the British flag and treat them accordingly. The United States of America, in the language of Henry Grattan, is "the last refuge of the liberties of mankind," and by its government, its institutions, its constitution and its flag, all freemen will stand or fall.

WHAT DOES LORD WOLSELEY MEAN?

General Viscount Wolseley, commander-in-chief of the British forces in Ireland, is certainly the most extraordinary character that has ever held military command in the subjected island. Had Gen. Wolseley not been born amid loyal surroundings and influences he would have made, probably, as good an Irish "rebel" as Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Thomas Russell or John Boyle O'Reilly. Since his advent, the customs of the army have been liberalized. Military mass has been celebrated at the Curragh of Kildare, the Eighteenth, or Royal Irish, regiment participating therein on Christmas Day, and, in fact, nothing of the kind was witnessed in Ireland since St. Ruth's chaplains said mass at the heads of King James' Irish regiments on the slopes of Kilcommodan Hill the morning of the bloody and doleful day of Aughrim. What does it all mean? Mass with military pomp in the British camp on the Curragh of Kildare! Why, such an event ought to be enough to bring back to life, filled with holy and boiling horror, the martial dust of Lord Wolseley's Whig ancestor, that same Gen. Wolseley, who defeated the Catholic army under Justin McCarthy, Lord Mountcashel, on the ill starred field of Newtown Butler.

Shade of Bishop Walker, defender of Derry, who fell at the ford of the Boyne, fighting, like a true Orangeman, against "popery, brass money and wooden shoes," how can you rest, when such things can occur two hundred years after an Irish pike found its way to your heart at that memorable ford! And Schomberg, and Caillemotte, Ruvigny, Mackay, Talmash and Ginkle! How can they rest in their graves when such things be in the country which their swords drenched with blood and filled with horror. King William himself, although made the idol of bigots, was, perhaps, as little of a bigot as Lord Wolseley. That king had a respect for the Irish, and, when some of the English officers sought to gain his favor by disparaging Irish valor, he asked drily, "Then, why are we not inside the walls of Limerick?"

On Jan. 5, there was a meeting of the Soldiers and Sailors' Families Association at the Royal Hospital, Kilmainham. Lord Wolseley occupied the chair, and took occasion to remark that "although there were not so many sailors supplied by Ireland to the navy, a large proportion of Irishmen annually entered the army, and he only wished, judging from his experience of the army, that there were more of them. The majority of those he addressed were, like himself, Irishmen, and they had a high appreciation of themselves as soldiers, and he felt convinced that any dispassionate man in the army must corroborate the statement that they had no better soldiers in the army than those supplied from Ireland. He thought, therefore, that Irishmen should take that interest in the association which was intended for the prosperity of soldiers' wives and families. There were peculiarities among Irish soldiers. They all knew they were brave. They were also very fond of marrying. That was a vulgar propensity, and it was shared by other nations. They did marry, and Irish wives were what would be called in the Scripture 'fruitful'—they filled the husband's quiver very fully. Although Irish industries might fall off, and their trade might not be so good as in past times, there was no diminution in the number of babies in the country. That industry seemed to thrive and prosper remarkably well in Ireland. During his last year's responsibility in Dublin he had had good opportunities of knowing how many wives and families of soldiers were scattered about the country almost on the borders of starvation. If many of these he addressed would read the letters he had received, and the distressing tales told in them, he was sure they would be harried at not being able to relieve all those who asked for assistance. This association had been established to meet that want. * * * Up to the present very little had been done in Ireland, though a certain amount of work had been done in Dublin, and the Rev. Mr. Mahaffy had his hands full with it. But there had, as yet, been no general endeavor to forward the interests of the association, and he hoped that in the coming year they might be enabled to impart to the work an amount of zeal and energy that had been unknown before. There was another point also on which he would like to speak, and that was that the association was entirely unsectarian. They did not ask the religion of any man or woman whom they relieved, and they were quite as prepared to relieve the wants of the Jewish soldier, or the wife and family of the Jewish soldier, as those of any Christian form of worship. One of the best workers they had ever had was Lady Wood, an Irish Catholic lady, who had devoted herself entirely to the good work of the association at Aldershot, where she had been brought into contact with a large section of the British army, and her great coadjutor in the work, the man who had assisted her most, was a very great friend of his, Father Brindley, a most excellent man and an excellent Catholic clergyman."

Now, if Lord Wolseley were an American officer, and delivered an address of that style to the Irish soldiers in our service, the American press would, no doubt, accuse him, as it did Gen. Scott, who had an unfeigned admiration for Irish soldiership, of "trying to catch the Irish vote." But Lord Wolseley is not thinking of running for the presidency of an Irish republic. His speeches in praise of his fellow countrymen as soldiers, and his frank description of himself as an Irishman, will not have the effect of making him popular in England. Indeed, he was so intrigued against, it is said, by the ultra-British military ring in London that he was glad of his transfer to Ireland. But, no doubt, Wolseley's conciliating policy has a deep purpose behind it. He wishes to increase the number of Irish Catholic recruits in the British army, because he firmly believes, as he said himself at a London banquet, that, properly drilled, disciplined and officered, they make the best soldiers in the world. But Gen. Lord Wolseley's eloquence and liberality can make no impression on the young manhood of Ireland so long as England maintains her infamous usurpation in that country. If Gen. Wolseley were the head of an Irish army, and called upon his fellow countrymen to fill its ranks, there could be no doubt of the enthusiasm of the response. But the dirty "Saxon shilling" will never be taken by a true Irishman, unless he is reduced to a condition of extreme want.

LOOKS MIGHTY WARLIKE.

If the signs of the times do not misguide us, there is apt to be music in the air along the Chilian coast before many weeks go by. The American fleet has its sleeves rolled up, and evidently means business. A Washington correspondent says:

"The combined squadrons of Admirals Gherardi and Walker will meet at Valparaiso, making a fleet of nine vessels, three of which are the most powerful in the United States navy. The Chicago carries fourteen breech-loading rifles as its main battery, the Boston eight, the Atlanta eight, the Philadelphia twelve, the Bennington six, the Kearsarge fourteen guns, the Concord six and the Charleston eight, making in all seventy-six first class guns, besides the secondary batteries. The average number of men on each vessel, including officers, marines and sailors, is about 180, making in all about 1,500 men that will soon be on the Pacific station under the command of Admiral Gherardi."

At least as many more excellent ships can be put in commission by the end of February, and, if the war should proceed, and England take a hand in it against us, we might be able to purchase such additional vessels as we may need from Russia, France or Germany. Indeed it is more than likely that two, at least, of the powers named would take sides with us. The third would, perhaps, remain neutral for policy sake, rather than from love of England.

The Chilians, on their side, are, apparently, not idle either. A recent dispatch from Valparaiso says: "The Chilian fleet has had steam up for the last three or four days, and they have more or less torpedo practice every day. The authorities now give out that the ships are to go to the south for exercise. The generally accepted rumor here, though, is that they have been ordered to the Straits of Magellan with the intention of lying in wait for Admiral Walker and the white squadron in case he should be ordered to the west coast. This may or may not be true, but there is no doubt that the ships are in fighting trim and ready for action."

A RULE has been recently established in the British civil service to retire, on pensions, officials who have attained the of 65 years. In Chicago, we retire men, apparently in the prime of their usefulness, who have reached the age of 50. In other words, we pay for the services of one man and a half, while the half man is still as good as the whole man. Fine system of financiering.

THE late Cardinal Manning was one of the most abstemious of men. He ate very little, and never touched wine. He said once, while speaking of intoxication: "It is the curse of mankind. It makes brutes of the English, and bacchanals of the Irish. Neither nation is improved by the use of alcohol, but it is easier to reform an Irish than an English drunkard."

ON New Year's Day Ald. Meade was installed lord mayor of Dublin for the current year. The event was characterized by the usual civic ceremonials. On the same day the mayors of Cork, Waterford, Limerick, Drogheda, Kilkenny, and Belfast, were installed in their offices. In all but Limerick and Belfast staunch Parnellites fill these important and honorable positions for the present year. The new mayor of Limerick is a Federationist, but it is more than likely that his election will be declared invalid on the ground that he is not a ratepayer within the municipal boundary of the city.—*United Ireland, Jan. 9.*

THE Dublin corporation voted sympathy to Wales and his wife on the occasion of the death of their son. This, however, is not worse than drinking the Queen's health—a bad habit into which the Dublin aldermen have fallen again of late. The "Nationalists" of the Dublin corporation excuse, or explain, their vote by saying that they wished to conciliate the conservatives of their body, and that, in any case, it was only an expression of human rather than royal and "loyal" sympathy. The Irish, unfortunately, lack gall.

THE Sheridan club gave a most enjoyable reception and ball at Bournique's on Wednesday night. It was a young people's occasion and they made the most of it. The new and commodious club house of the Sheridans will, it is expected, be completed and ready for occupancy early in the summer.

THE city, for the first time, almost, in its history, was made to suffer from a genuine water famine for several hours on Thursday, owing to the freezing up of the main two mile crib, the Sixty eighth street submerged crib, and the Lake View intake—the three chief sources of the Chicago water supply. By the speedy action of the city engineer and the fire department, the ice blockade was partially raised by 2 o'clock. Blame for the privation has not yet been definitely fixed. Capt. McKee, of the main crib, claiming that he did all that lay in his power to fight off the ice.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

GENERAL NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS AND CONTRIBUTORS.—Write on one side of the paper only. Leave sufficient space between the lines for corrections and changes. Use as few words as possible. Long communications are seldom printed and almost as seldom read.

"P.K."—The poem you send us is full of spirit, but rather deficient in smoothness. By trying it over again you may succeed.

"W.C.," Waukegan, Ill.—1. such an order was issued, but it was meant as a safeguard against British intrigue. 2. Gen Conway, an Irishman in the French service, who joined the American revolutionists, did "cabal" against Washington, because he thought his movements too slow, but he did not conspire against the young republic. He afterwards manfully apologized to Washington for having mistaken his motives and policy, and his apology was accepted. 3. Never read of the occurrence, still we don't pretend to have read every book that was ever printed. 4. Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, last survivor of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, was of Irish descent and a Catholic. 5. Benedict Arnold was of English descent and a Protestant. 6. About one-third of the inhabitants of the American colonies at the time of the Revolution were Tories. There were few, if any, Irish, either Protestant or Catholic, among them.

"P. C.," Fairbault, Minn.—The Chicago *Evening Post* is Democratic in politics.

IRELAND'S AWFUL LOSS.

To the impassioned clansmen who learned with the frenzy of despair that their chieftain had fallen, there seemed something unnatural about his taking off. In the stress and fury of their passion they must persuade themselves that he had been killed. As the great multitude of sorrowing men and women tramped sullenly through the mud and rain to the cemetery where they were to lay him to rest, men distributed everywhere bills headed, "Murdered to Satisfy Englishmen."

Wail, wail ye for the mighty one;
Wail, wail ye for the dead;
Quench the heart and hold the breath,
With ashes strew the head,
How tenderly we loved him, how deeply we deplore!
Holy savior! but to think, we shall never see him more.

And wild and reckless though the assertion may seem to us, it has been hugged to the heart as if it were gospel truth by the imaginative race to whom he was in so many respects so strange a contrast. There are probably not half a dozen Englishmen who realize the storm of passion and of anguish that swept over Dublin when the death of Charles Stewart Parnell was announced. Strong men wept like children, women hissed out curses in the streets, and for days and nights a brooding horror of bereavement haunted a thousand homes. The Irish "keen" over the dead: we have nothing like it in our undemonstrative land. And when Charles Stewart Parnell fell, a whole nation joined in the death dirge with an intensity to which we as a nation are strangers. The blow was so terribly sudden, the disaster so final and irremediable. In the presence of death detraction was mute.

"How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle, and the weapons of war perished!" Mr. Parnell was not unlike Saul, King of Israel, alike in the greatness of his achievements and in the tragedy of his fall. He towered head and shoulders above his colleagues. In the house of commons there were few indeed who could venture to compare with him in the great qualities which enable a man to control men. He had the instinct of a statesman, the brain of an engineer, and the calm, cold, but unerring judgment of a born leader of men. His courage never quailed, his self possession never deserted him, his magnificent audacity never shone out more brilliantly than when, with but a handful of his followers, he maintained a hopeless fight in his own land. This is not the moment to speak of his faults and failings, or even to state how fully it became impossible for him to continue as leader of the Irish race. That chapter is closed, and over his grave in Glasnevin we, at least, have no desire to recall anything but his services to the cause of Ireland. "For know ye not that there is a prince, and a great man fallen this day in Israel?"—*Mr. Stead in the Review of Reviews.*

BITTER WORDS

Spoken by Father Green at the Funeral of the Victims of the Forty-seventh Street Crossing Disaster.

Ever memorable to the people who witnessed it will be the funeral of Mary and Margaret Gilmore, victims of the Forty-seventh street wreck. It was held Monday morning in the St. Rose of Lima Catholic church, Ashland avenue and Forty eighth street. It will be memorable, not alone for its solemnity—for it was solemn—but also for the vehement attack on corporations made by the officiating priest.

In a blinding snowstorm the two hearses bearing the remains of the young women passed slowly through the streets from their late home, No. 4636 Laflin street, to the church. They were followed by pallbearers who trudged through the snow on foot, near friends and relatives in carriages, and hundreds of sympathetic neighbors on the sidewalks. The church was freezing cold, but notwithstanding 500 devout Catholics listened to the celebration of high mass and the prayer for the dead which was said over the earthly remains of the unfortunates. The scene was full of genuine pathos which was intensified by the tearful sympathy of the sympathetic, warm-hearted congregation.

An unlooked for part of the service was the vehement words against "soulless corporations" spoken by the Rev. Father Green, the pastor in charge. When the high mass was finished Father Greene addressed the audience as follows:

MY DEAR FRIENDS: It is not customary to speak over the dead in this church; but in an incident of this kind, fraught with so much pain and sadness, I cannot refrain from speaking a few words of counsel and comfort. This is a sad death, and it is because it is painful and unwarranted you are here today. The lives of these young women were pleasing in the sight of God. Their death was almost a murder, and the community should rise as a unit and stamp out the iniquity which has been fostered by bribe-taking politicians. Everybody can feel that these deaths were a crime, perpetrated by the grasping corporations whose carelessness is responsible for the accident.

It is a sacred duty of the community to rise up as a unit and protest and demand that the rights of life and happiness be protected. We have rights that neither God nor society can take away, and we should demand that we be protected in them. When we know that day after day dear lives are sacrificed to the greed of soulless corporations, and that without remuneration or reparation, we can see that this sort of thing must be stopped.

We must teach those corporations that they are responsible. We must take measures to make them prevent a repetition of their crimes. It is not necessary to do this by violence or mob law, for we have a still mightier weapon in our citizenship. We must attempt to see that the careless persons are brought to justice.

Let us now pray that God may have mercy on the dear souls that have passed out before us.

From the church the two coffins were conveyed over the Grand Trunk road to Mount Olivet cemetery. They were accompanied by several hundred people who saw them deposited in two graves side by side.

Twelve young friends of the young women acted as pallbearers. There were few relatives present, as the girls were almost alone in this country and were working and saving to earn money to bring their parents and near relatives from Ireland.

Mrs Bessie Brennan, the elder sister of the two young women, was terribly prostrated with grief. Time and again she fainted while the preparations for the final services were being made.—*Tribune, Jan. 18*

The Best Authorities,

Such as Dr. Dio Lewis, Prof. Gross, and others, agree that catarrh is not a local but a constitutional disease. It therefore requires a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which permanently cures catarrh.

H. R. EAGLE & CO.

The enterprising firm of H. R. Eagle & Co., No. 68 Wabash avenue, made the first real departure in the important matter of supplying the Chicago public with first-class groceries at reasonable prices, placing the necessaries and luxuries of the table within the reach of all. Satisfied with moderate profits, they have built up a trade of which they may well be proud. They have given unlimited satisfaction to all their customers, and, in consequence, their growth has been phenomenal and is ever increasing. Their list of goods comprises all that is newest and best in the market, and every family that wishes to live well, as well as economically, is recommended by THE CITIZEN to deal with the model grocery house of H. R. Eagle & Co.

"THE CITIZEN" FOR 1892.

Handsome and Valuable Premiums Offered to Organizers of Clubs, and to Regular Subscribers.

No Irish-American Family Should be Without a Copy of "The Citizen," the Champion of American Honor, and of Irish Liberty.

TO OUR FRIENDS AND SUBSCRIBERS: On Saturday, Jan. 16, 1892, THE CITIZEN will enter upon the eleventh year of its existence. During the ten years that have elapsed since its first number was issued, it has never wavered in loyalty to true American principles, and to the cause of Irish liberty and independence. It may truly claim that, through sunshine and storm, it has fought the good fight and kept the faith; and it purposes to continue in that path, with colors nailed to the mast. Its record, both in the American and Irish sense, speaks for itself, and it confidently asks the same liberal support from its friends which it has experienced in the past.

Following are the splendid premiums offered to organizers of clubs and regular subscribers for the year 1862:

TO ORGANIZERS OF CLUBS.

1. To any gentleman, whether a subscriber or not, who organizes a club of 100 absolutely new subscribers, at the usual club rates of $2 each, the amount to be paid into this office, with the names of members, a magnificent gold watch, Elgin make, 14 carat fine, size 16 or 18, as may be desired, and warranted of first-class workmanship.

2. To any lady, whether a subscriber or not, who organizes a club of 50 absolutely new subscribers, at the usual club rates, $2 each paid into this office, an exquisite gold watch, Elgin make, 14 carat fine and warranted of first class workmanship.

3. To any gentleman who organizes a club of 25 absolutely new subscribers, at $2 each, paid into this office, a very handsome silver watch, Elgin make, size 18, and warranted first-class in every particular.

4. To any lady who organizes a club of 20 absolutely new subscribers at the above rates, a beautiful silver chatelaine watch, with chain; also warranted first class in every particular.

In making the foregoing offers, it must be distinctly understood that the terms must be complied with in every particular.

The premiums will be sent Free of Charge, by express or registered mail, to the city or country.

PREMIUMS FOR SUBSCRIBERS.

1. To every paid up subscriber, who also pays a year in advance; and who sends in two additional cash subscriptions, a copy of Rand, McNally & Co.'s celebrated colored reversible map of the United States and of the World, worth $5, mounted ready for use, and delivered free in the city or country. Around the margin of this map is printed statistical and descriptive matter of more value than can be found in any volume that was ever published at three times the cost.

2. To every paid up subscriber, who also pays one year's subscription in advance, a handsome volume in cloth binding of the "Oxford" Library of Standard Works; or else a striking and artistic copy, in colors, of Meissonier's famous painting "Retreat from Moscow," containing excellent figures of the Great Napoleon, Marshal Ney, Marshal Berthier, Gen. Rapp and other military celebrities; or an equally meritorious copy of the world renowned biblical painting, "Christ Before Pilate": or a spirited, artistically colored, representation, after Meissonier's painting of the charge of the French cavalry at the Battle of Friedland.

All these offers are open from this date, Jan. 2, 1892, and advantage should be taken of them as speedily as possible.

TERMS.

The terms of subscription should be borne in mind, so as to avoid confusion. They are as follows:

Individual subscriptions ....$2.50 each.
Club subscriptions, not less than five members..... $2.00 each.

Remittances can be sent by Check, Post-office Order, Express Order or Registered Mail.

Early attention to this announcement is respectfully requested.

THE CITIZEN NEWSPAPER CO.
Chicago, Jan. 2, 1892.

A Very Common Want.

"Out of sorts," "distrait," "the blues," these are familiar appellatives for uncomfortable, undefinable sensations, accompanied with lassitude, nervousness, indigestion. Poverty of the blood, to remedy which an effective stomachic persistently used is the paramount need, is conclusive evidence that the system is insufficiently nourished because—and for no other cause where organic disease does not exist—the food is not assimilated. Reinforce the flagging energies of the stomach, reform an irregular condition of the bowels, keep up a healthful secretion of the bile with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. For over thirty years this popular medicine has supplied the common want of the nervous invalid, the dyspeptic and of persons deficient in vitality, an efficient tonic. To its power of imparting strength is attributable its efficacy as a preventive of malaria and la grippe. Thoroughly effective is it too for rheumatism, kidney complaint and neuralgia.

WHEN THE IRISH FLAG WENT BY.

BY HENRY LAWSON.

'Twas "Eight-Hour Day," and proudly,
Old Labor led the way;
The drums were beating loudly,
The crowded streets were gay;—
But something touched my heart—like pain,—
I could not check the sigh
That rose within my bosom when
The Irish Flag went by!

Bright flags were raised about it,—
And one of them my own:—
And patriots trod beneath it—
But it seemed all alone!—
I thought of ruined Ireland,
While crystals from the sky
Fell, soft, like tears by angels shed,
As the Irish Flag went by.

I love the dark green standard
As Irish patriots do;
It waves above the rebels,—
And I'm a rebel too;
I thought of Ireland's darkest years—
Her griefs that follow fast—
For, drooping, as 'twere drenched with tears,
The Irish Flag went past!

And tho' 'twas not in Erin
That my forefathers trod—
And tho' my wand'ring footsteps
Ne'er pressed the "dear old sod,"
I felt the wrongs the Irish feel
Beneath the northern sky;
And felt the rebel in my heart
As the Irish Flag went by.

I tell you, men of England,
Who rule the land by might—
I tell you, Irish traitors,
Who sell the sons of light—
That tyranny shall fail at last,
That changeful days are nigh;
And you shall dip your red flag yet,
When the Irish Flag goes by.

SYDNEY, Australia, Oct. 1891.

IRISH NEWS.

FUNERAL OF MR. PETER KINSELLA.

On Saturday, Jan. 2, the remains of Mr. Peter Kinsella, superintendent of the Abattoir, North Circular road, were removed from his residence there for interment in Glasnevin. The attendance at the funeral proved the respect and esteem in which the deceased was held, and included representatives both of the corporation, of which he was a most efficient officer, and of the important trades with which he came in immediate contact. He was appointed superintendent when the late Mr. E. D. Gray initiated the abattoir system in Dublin, and from that time up to his death he discharged his duties in a manner satisfactory alike to the municipality, the victuallers, and the allied trades. The chief mourners were Mr. Thos. Kinsella, father; Thomas Kinsella, Jr., brother; Master Thomas and Edward, sons; Edward Kinsella and Edward O'Keefe, uncles; Timothy Nolan, brother-in-law; Master J. F. Fitzpatrick, nephew, and N. Nelson, cousin.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE.

Early on the morning of Jan. 2 a fire occured at the place called Lisadign, about five miles from here and one mile from Ardfert, which resulted in the burning to death of fourteen cows, the property of a farmer named McCarthy, and the burning to the ground of the outhouse in which the cows were, together with a considerable portion of McCarthy's dwellinghouse. McCarthy, it is said, attributes the burning to malice, but the police do not seem to favor that idea, and put it down to accident.

SUPPOSED ABDUCTION.

On Jan. 2 the Liverpool police were applied to by the parents of a young girl named Kate Reilly, 15 years of age, for assistance to enable them to recover their daughter, who is missing from her home at Ballyjamesduff, county Cavan, since Sunday, Dec. 27. The parents have so far been able to trace their daughter to Liverpool, and they have ascertained that she crossed in a boat from Drogheda on Monday. The supposition is that Miss Reilly was taken to some place bhtween St. Helens and Liverpool. Both the city and the county police are making active inquiries into the supposed abduction.

THE CLARA ATROCITY.

The magisterial investigation into the above crime was opened before George D. Mercer, R.M., and J. Perry Goodbody, J.P., in the grand jury room here, when James Campbell was put forward in custody charged with the wilful murder of Mary Kate Meehan, at Clara, on the 19th of the present month. District Inspector Gamble, conducted the inquiry on behalf of the police. Several witnesses were examined, two of whom deposed to having seen the accused acting improperly towara the deceased. Mr. Gamble said he was not prepared to close the case yet, and applied for a further remand for eight days, which was granted.

KILLED BY A CAR.

On St. Stephen's day, Dr. Smyth, coroner, held an inquest at Athy on the body of Daniel Keely, who was accidently knocked down and killed by a car on Christmas eve. A jury of thirteen, of which Mr. Willoughby O'Connor was foreman, having been sworn, Christopher Murphy, of Athy, deposed to seeing the deceased crossing the street at the Hibernian bank, when he was knocked down by a car which Mr. Sadlier was driving at an ordinary pace. Mr. Sadlier tried to pull up the poney, and the collar pushed out and struck the deceased. The deceased fell, but the car did not go over him. Mr. Sadlier got the deceased a glass of brandy, half of which he drank, and then drove him to Mr. Minchin's, where his back was dressed. Dr. Kilbride deposed that he found some of the deceased's ribs fractured, and the general emphysema from the broken ribs pierced the lung. The cause of death was collapse. The deceased was over 80 years of age and lived on charity. A verdict in accordance with the medical testimony was returned by the jury.—*Ex.*

CORK ELECTION.

The election of Ald. Roche by the burgesses of the South Ward of Cork renders the position of councillor vacant. It is questionable whether Mr. Alfred Cole, who has been already three times defeated, will again enter the lists. The result of the recent contest was significant in more ways than one. It was the first opportunity that the citizens had of resenting Mr. W. J. Lane's policy, and they did so in no uncertain tone. Surely if any man in Cork city has earned the vengeance of the Federation it is Ald. Augustine Roche, for he has been foremost in the fight.

NATIONALISTS ORGANIZING.

The Independent National Club of Cork is already well under way. A large meeting of members was held in the temporary premises at the Assembly rooms. A paper entitled "Our Dead Chief" was read by Mr. M. J. O'Connor, which in matter and treatment surpassed the most sanguine expectations. Several gentlemen addressed the meeting, and spoke of the necessity incumbent on all true Nationalists of acting up to the teachings of the dead leader. Arrangements are being completed for permanent premises as a habitation for the club.

FUNERAL OF MR. TERENCE M'SWINEY.

The funeral of the late Mr. Terence McSwiney was attended by most of the public men and Nationalists of Cork. The deceased gentleman was one of the original election committee for Cork. In the present struggle against White intrigue he took the right side, and almost his last public appearance was as one of the working committee on behalf of Mr. John Redmond at the recent Cork election. A short time ago Mr. McSwiney's eldest son died. He was a journalist on the American press, and had composed an opera of much talent, entitled "Amergin," the plot of which was laid in prehistoric Celtic times.

REPORTED RESIGNATION.

The sporting correspondent of the *Irish Times* states: "I announced a few weeks ago that Lord Greville had signified his intention of resigning his mastership of the county hounds of Westmeath at the close of the present season. The cost of hunting this pack is something like £1 300 a year, the subscriptions totalling £800. Another M.F.H. is, to the regret of his brother sportsmen, following suit; for Major St. Leger Moore has given notice that he will not hold the horn beyond the present season of the Kildares. His intention is to spend some time in India, where he hopes to acquire a number of heads, horns, and skins, for the adornment of the Hall at Killashee, his residence near Naas. Major St. Leger Moore will be very hard to replace in the mastership."

CORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

The Cork Historical and Archæological Society have completed their arrangements for the publication of a monthly magazine. At last meeting of this society a paper was read by Mr. Henry L. Tiny, entitled "Old Cork Celebrities." At the previous meeting a paper was read on "Murty Ogue Sullivan," the outlaw. Callanan, the Cork poet, in his ossine on this character, has a verse alluding to the head of the hero, which was spiked on Cork jail:

"Dear head of my darling, how gory and pale,
These aged eyes see thee high spiked on their jail,
That cheek in the summer sun ne'er shall grow warm,
Nor that eye e'er catch light but the flash of storm."

PIG BUYERS HONORED.

The arrival of the Waterford pig buyers at Maryborough on Wednesday evening fortnight for Thursday's fair, was availed of by the independent Nationalists of the town to pay a fitting compliment to the sturdy men of Ballybricken, who contributed so materially to swell Mr. Redmond's majority at the recent election. The fife and drum band attended the train by which the Waterford men arrived and played them through the town to their lodgings. Loud cheers were given for Waterford, the late Mr. Parnell and Mr. John Redmond.

THE LATE MR WM WRAFTER

The remains of Mr. Wm. Wrafter, solicitor, Charleville Parade, Tullamore, who died at his residence on the night of the 23d ult., after a protracted illness, were removed to Durrow graveyard on Christmas day at half past one o'clock. The Rev. Mr. O'Reilly, C. C., officiated, and among those who attended with the relatives were Drs. G. P. Ridley and G. A. Moorhead, Mr. Denning (Bank of Ireland), C. Quirke and brothers, Wm. Browne, J. Crowly, Wm. Adams, John D wnes, J. H. Kennedy, P. and H. Egan, Mr. Power, J. L. Sterling, T. C.; James Hayes, T. C.; D. M. Pierce and others. Considerable regret is felt for the demise of this talented and popular young gentleman, of whom it may be said that none who knew him but regarded him with admiration for his abilities and with friendliness for his uniform good feeling and genial disposition. Mr. Wrafter was a son of the late Mr. John Wrafter, J. P., of the Maltings, Maryborough.

THE IRISH PRIMATE'S SILVER JUBILEE.

Tuesday, Dec. 22, being the silver jubilee of the ordination of the Lord Primate of All Ireland, his grace celebrated mass in St. Patrick's cathedral at 10 o'clock. His grace was assisted by his chaplain, the Rev. Henry McNeece, Adm. The members of the Chapter and priests of the diocese present were: Rt. Rev. Monsignor Byrne (Dean), P. P., Dungannon; Rt. Rev. Monsignor Murphy (Archdeacon) P. P., Drogheda; Very Rev. Canon McCullagh, P. P.; Very Rev. Canon Donnelly, P. P.; Very Rev. Canon Coyne, P. P.; Very Rev. Canon Macken, P.P.; Very Rev. Canon Rice, P. P.; Very Rev. Canon McCrystal, P.P.; Very Rev. Canon Dillon, P. P.; Very Rev. Canon McGeeney, P.P.; Very Rev. Canon Byrne, P. P.; Very Rev. Canon McCartan, P. P.; Very Rev. Andrew Rogers, P.P., Ardee; Rev. P. Clarke, P. P., Lordship; Rev. James Donnelly, P. P., Mullabrack; Rev. Thomas McVarry, P. P., Carlingford; Rev. Hugh McOscar, P. P., Moy; Rev. Peter McNamee, P. P., Kildress; Rev. Michael O'Brien, P. P., Loughgall; Rev. Peter Slavin, P.P., Pomeroy; Rev. Charles McEvoy, P.P., Tynan; Rev. James Powderly, P.P., Togher; Rev. John Segrave, P. P., Termonfeckin; Rev. P. Segrave, Adm., Dundalk; Rev. Henry McNeece, Adm., Armagh; Rev. P. Fagan, C. C., Armagh; Rev. Francis McElvogue, C. C., Armagh; Rev. John Quinn, C. C., Armagh; Fathers Carrigay and Boyle St. Patrick's college, Armagh. After mass the Te Deum was sung, and the benediction was given by the Primate. Having congratulated his grace, the members of the Chapter and the priests of the diocese present decided that the most suitable and respectful way to celebrate the jubilee was to take steps to do something for the cathedral. Accordingly a meeting was held for the purpose of devising means to raise funds for building a new sacristy, supplying new altars and a pulpit, and also for heating the cathedral.

SEVERE ACCIDENT.

A serious accident befell the Rev. E. P. White, of Saggard, on St. Stephen's day. When returning from a visit to Father Queen, who is ailing, the horse which Father White rode took fright at the steam tram near the village of Tallaght, and threw the reverend gentleman into the ditch, falling upon him. The thumb of the left hand was fearfully crushed by the horse's shoe, and had to be amputated, which operation was successfully performed by Drs. O'Reardon and Coady. Father White's watch was smashed and his keys all bent. He had a miraculous escape from being trodden to death by the horse. He is progressing as favorably as can be expected.

A NEW BOOK.

Mrs. Wyse Power, Dublin, is about to publish a volume containing extracts from the public speeches of Mr. Parnell, an introduction written by Miss Anna Parnell, and a fac simile of the most forcible portion of the dead chief's manifesto to the Irish people after the infamous desertion of a majority of the Irish Parliamentary party. The extracts cover the entire period of Mr. Parnell's public life, from his election for Meath to his memorable dying message—"Give my love to my colleagues and to the Irish people."

DEATH OF MR. EDWARD DUNNE.

The announcement of the death of Mr. Edward Dunne, who died at his residence, North Circular Road, Dublin, recently, will carry gloom into many a household in the county Kildare. He was extensively engaged in the cattle trade and held many farms in the county. The painful sensation which the news of his death caused in the Dublin cattle market showed how universally he was beloved and respected. He was in every sense a typical Irishman, generous, large hearted and sympathetic. His purse was always open to relieve the wants of the poor and to help the cause of religion. The Catholic mission at Holyhead he may be said to have founded and maintained. By his death the poor have lost a kind benefactor, religion a generous patron, and Ireland a staunch and sterling patriot.—*Ex.*

THE IRISH LANGUAGE.

The usual weekly meeting of the Council of the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language was held on Tuesday, the 12th inst., at No. 6 Molesworth street, Dublin, at 3:30 p. m., T. W. Conway, F.R.G.S., in the chair. There were also present Count Plunkett, B L, M.R.I.A.; Maj. R. MacEnery, Thomas Rooney, Esq., and J. J. MacSweeney, secretary. The minutes of the last meeting were read and signed. Communications received since the last meeting in connection with the Irish language movement were read. On motion of the secretary, Mr. William Geraghty, of Camden street, who forwarded his subscription, was enrolled a member of the society. The following members of the society also forwarded their annual subscriptions: Most Rev. Dr. MacCarthy, Bishop of Cloyne, Queenstown; Charles J. O'Donel, J. P., M.R.I.A., No. 47 Lower Leeson street; T. Rooney, No. 152 North King street; Thomas F. Pigot, C.E., M.R.I.A., No. 41 Upper Mount street. On the motion of Mr. Rooney the following were enrolled associates of the society: Mr. M. Coghlan, Cloghey, county Down; Rev. Father Sheehan, pro Cathedral, Liverpool; Messrs. H. Loge, Gladstone road, Liverpool; T. Keegan, 102 Islington; Michael Cronin, Comus street, Liverpool; J. O'Brien, Cazneau street, Liverpool; Mrs. Morton, Camden street, Liverpool; Miss A. Browne, Liverpool; Mr. P. Callan, Liverpool; Philip MacMahon, Kilgarvan, county Kerry; William MacMahon, Kilgarvan, county Kerry.

DEATH OF MR JOHN C. FINNEGAN.

We announce with much regret the death at the early age of 37 years of the above named gentleman, which took place yesterday morning at Llandaff house, Merrion, after a brief illness. The deceased was a well known and much respected resident of Navan, county Meath, where he was a universal favorite. His charity and generosity secured him many friends, and no deserving object was refused his aid. He was for a considerable time connected with Messrs. D'Arcy's brewery, but in recent years he devoted himself to a country life, and took a very warm interest in sporting affairs.—*United Ireland, Dec. 26.*

SHOCKING FATALITY AT LURGAN.

On Dec. 27 the dead body of Mr. Arthur Allen, a gentleman residing in Lurgan, was discovered on the railway line near the down platform. The body, which was frightfully mangled and mutilated, was found by a man named Breen, an employe of the Great Northern Railway Company. It was evident that the deceased had been run over and knocked down by a train, but some doubt exists as to the particular train by which the accident was caused. An inquest was opened on the remains by Mr. W. H. Atchinson, coroner, and a jury. A policeman named Cowan deposed to having seen deceased on the engine of a train returning from Armagh to Lurgan. The engine driver and fireman who were on the train contradicted this statement, and owing to the conflict of testimony the inquest was adjourned.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

{ SEAL } A. W. GLEASON.
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

It is a great misfortune for the young and middle aged to be gray. To overcome this and appear young, use Hall's Hair Renewer, a reliable panacea.

PARNELL'S GRAVE.

BY REV. JAMES M'KERNAN.

Glasnevin! loved and holy ground!
Beauteous shrine of pulseless hearts
Resting in each grassy mound,
'Mid thy circling shades around!—
Nature's sheen and sculptor's arts,
Where thy weeping willows wave,
Make fitting place for Parnell's grave.

A truer heart or stronger head
Ne'er loved or thought for Ireland's weal;
No, not among thy honored dead
Is there a heart that broke or bled,
More fiercely burned with patriot zeal;
Or more would have done his land to save,
Than that now cold in Parnell's grave.

Oft tried in fire and always true,
Nor pelf nor place could purchase him;
Nor prison bars, nor perjur'd crew,
Nor could all calumny could do,
His spirit crush—his honor dim;
Nor cheers, nor jeers that heart could brave
That now is stilled in Parnell's grave.

But, by one fault, himself hath done
That which no other e'er could do!
Alas!—if there's a blameless one
Let him be first to cast the stone!—
Brothers! could he now speak to you,
He'd say: "Let all that might enslave
Be buried deep in Parnell's grave."

—*Boston Pilot.*

CARDINAL SIMEONI'S DEATH.

Cardinal Simeoni, formerly papal secretary of state and prefect general of the propaganda, died on Thursday, Jan. 14. His death was due to an attack of influenza, from which he had been suffering for several days.

Giovanni Simeoni, Italian statesman and cardinal, was born at Paliata, in the diocese of Palestrina, twenty-two miles southeast of Rome, July 23, 1816. The modern town in which he first saw the light of day is built on the sight of the Temple of Fortune, erected by Sulla, that arrant dictator whom Mommsen has pronounced "the Don Juan of politics." Its walls present successively the architecture of the Pelasgic era and of the Roman period, and it is not surprising that amid its historic palaces and churches young Simeoni's mind should have trained itself for the realm of thought in which it finally become conspicuous.

Simeoni was of obscure origin, his parents being attached to the service of the Colonna family, to whom the town had once belonged. At an early age he began a course of theological study, and having been ordained he was, by reason of his superior learning and industry, appointed auditor to the nuncio at Madrid in 1874. His rise as a statesman was rapid after his appointment to the Madrid nunciature, whence he was called in a few years to Rome to fill the office of prefect of studies in the pontifical lyceum of the Roman Seminary. At the same time he was attached to the secretary's office for extraordinary ecclesiastical affairs.

In 1857, having been appointed domestic prelate to the pope, Simeoni was again sent to Spain in the capacity of envoy for the affairs of the see. His duties were to renew the connections with Rome which had been interrupted by the revolution, and his work in this somewhat delicate business having been successfully accomplished, in 1858 he was made prothonotary apostolic in full.

The next eight years of Simeoni's life were spent in Rome, where his influence grew in all directions of church and state. He was first appointed secretary to the Congregation of the Propaganda for the affairs of the Oriental rite, and in 1868 he became secretary of the Latin Rite and adviser to the Roman Inquisition. He was also adviser for the affairs of the Oriental Rite to the Congregation of the Council for the Revision of the Provincial Councils and to the Congregation for Extraordinary Ecclesiastical affairs.

In 1875, final diplomatic relations between Rome and the court of Spain having been re-established, Pope Pius IX sent Mgr. Simeoni to Madrid as nuncio, having just recognized him archbishop of Chalcedonia.

In the consistory of March 15, 1875, Pope Pius IX created him cardinal, reserving him in petto, and on Sept. 17 of the same year he published him in consistory. Mgr. Simeoni, having been created cardinal, remained in the nunciature in Madrid as pro nuncio, and on the death of Cardinal Antonelli, in 1876, he was appointed secretary of state to Pope Pius IX, and prefect of the sacred apostolic palaces and the Sacred Lauretan Congregation. He retained the office of secretary of state until the death of the Pope.

Cardinal Simeoni was pious even to fervor; tranquil, serious, and ascetic. With all his reserve and dignity he had a wealth of sympathy, as had that other dead cardinal—Manning. In personal appearance Simeoni was tall and thin, with a striking squiline nose, piercing eyes, and swarthy complexion.

Cardinal Simeoni's successor as secretary of state was Cardinal Franchi, who was appointed in March, 1878, when Pope Leo XIII appointed Cardinal Simeoni prefect general of the Propaganda. He was also made a member of the Roman Universal Inquisition and of other ecclesiastical congregations.

CATHOLIC NEWS.

CATHOLIC DIRECTORY FOR 1892.

The publication of this admirable volume took place during the week, and we have to thank its reverend editor for his courtesy in forwarding us an early copy. The usefulness of the directory is something which those who have to refer to it from time to time will readily witness. It is a book which no Catholic family in the country should be without. The usual ecclesiastical calendar for the year opens its contents, and these include the familiar features we are accustomed to seek in its pages. Admirably printed monochrome zincograph portraits of Bishops McLachlan and Agnus McDonald are given, as also those of Canon Hannan, the late president of Blairs: Very Rev. Jos. P. Grant, and his successor, Very Rev. Æneas Chisholm. A chronicle of events of unusual interest to Scottish Catholics is a feature which will give the directory a utility in years to come, and also add to its present interest. The statistics given show the standing and progress of the Catholic faith in the country. From these we learn that there are in all 357 priests in Scotland who minister to the congregations of 340 churches, chapels and stations. There are 324 day schools. The total Catholic population is estimated at 352,749, of this number the archdiocese of Glasgow claims by far the greatest share, having no fewer than 230 000 souls standing to its account. St. Andrew's Edinburg, follows with 52 000 Then comes Dunkeld with 30 000 (rather a round number), Galloway, Argyll and the Isles, and Aberdeen following in the order named. As a book of references the directory is invaluable, and we trust it will meet with a sale proportionate to its merits.—*Glasgow Observer.*

An Interesting Entertainment.

The Finerty Athletic and Social Club will give their second reception and ball at Cline's Hall, corner Wells and Huron streets, on Saturday evening, Feb. 27. During intermission there will be a Tug of War contest between the Finertys and Parnell Aboos. Both teams are training for the battle and it is expected to be a good one. The club guarantees a good time to all who will attend.

Death of Father Tom Flannery.

Connemara from end to end received a sad shock when the news spread that the genial and popular pastor of Carna, Father Tom Flannery, was no more. He took ill on Sunday week last, and died of fever at half past 3 o'clock on Monday afternoon. Needless to say his unexpected demise has cast a gloom over Connemara that will not readily pass away. Through his enterprise on behalf of his parishioners he was as well known in the metropolis and beyond the channel as he was in Connemara. No priest could be more popular, and no priest ever so well merited that popularity. All classes vied with each other in manifesting their love and regard for Father Tom, from the rich and influential English merchant to the poorest Connemara peasant. During his time in Carna he caused the splendid bridge named after himself (Flannery bridge) to be erected. This magnificent public structure opened up at once communication between Carna, Kilkerrin and Galway; while in another part of his extensive parish he had a causeway built between Mweenish Island and the mainland. But, perhaps, it is with the knitting industry that the name of Father Tom is most intimately associated. For some years past the female members of every poor family in Carna are daily employed knitting stockings and other articles of wearing apparel, which find a ready sale in England, being disposed of by a Manchester company, a representative of which yearly visited Connemara for the purpose of encouraging and promoting this useful and remunerative branch of local industry. Latterly Father Flannery had been employed in work connected with the Congested Districts Board. At the time of his death there were actually 150 men employed at planting trees in his parish, reafforesting being another of the many schemes devised by his fertile brain for the benefit of his poor parishioners, by whom he was not only loved, but passionately idolized.—*Freeman, Jan 2*

PERSONAL.

Mr. John Hearne Burke, and Miss Katherine Helen Hogan were united in marriage last Monday, Jan. 18, and will be at home to their friends at No. 168 Ashland avenue, after Feb. 2.

Don't experiment with your health. You may be *sure* of the quality of your medicine, even if you have to take much of your food upon trust. Ask your druggist for Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and no other. It is the standard blood purifier, the most effective and economical.

Shocking Death.

Information reached Dungannon recently that a woman named Annie Kirk was working in Jamesson's scutch mill, Mullyroden, at the rollers, when her arms were pulled in and the body afterwards, she was crushed into a mass of pulp before the machinery could be stopped.

400 Miles as the Crow Flies

Is the distance covered in a single night by the Limited Express trains of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway between Chicago and the Twin Cities of the Northwest—St. Paul and Minneapolis. These trains are vestibuled, electric lighted and steam heated, with the finest Dining and Sleeping Car Service in the world. The Electric reading light in each berth is the successful novelty of this progressive age, and is highly appreciated by all regular patrons of this line. We wish others to know its merits as the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway is the only line in the west enjoying the exclusive use of this patent. For further information apply to nearest coupon ticket agent, or address F. A. MILLER, Assistant General Passenger Agent, 209 Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

PENSION CLAIMS.

The undersigned, having been duly recognized and authorized to act as Pension and Bounty Claim Agent by the Interior Department of the United States, is ready to attend to all business of the kind, including widows' and orphans' claims, that may be entrusted to him. Owing to the passage of liberal laws by the last congress, the perfecting of pension claims has been much simplified, all soldiers, their widows or other dependents, who can prove an honest claim against the government are reasonably certain of having such claims allowed. This office, in addition to attending to regular pension claims, is also prepared to open, under the new laws, old cases rejected because of insufficient evidence, and to thoroughly sift cases of technical desertion, owing to errors in muster out, etc., by which deserving men are often deprived of their just dues.

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Attorneys.

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Chicago, Ill.

JAMES O'CONNELL,
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INFORMATION.

This is to inform you that I have established a Real Estate office at

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N. E. Corner Madison and La Salle Streets, and if you wish to invest in property of any kind, or desire to sell, it will be of advantage to you to call on, or write me at above address.

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TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN—NOTICE is hereby given pursuant to the statute that the undersigned George Frederick Simpson, a resident of the County of Cook, in the State of Illinois, will file his petition in the Circuit Court of Cook County, Illinois, at the next March Term A. D. 1892, of said court, which said term of court will begin and be holden at the Court House in Chicago, in the said County of Cook, on the third Monday of March, 1892, being the 21st day thereof, praying that the name of the undersigned be changed to Giorgio Frederico D'Almond.

Dated at Chicago this 13th day of January, A. D. 1892.

(Signed) GEORGE FREDERICK SIMPSON
James O'Connell, Attorney

TOMORROW.

"Ah, wait," he cries, "but a little longer,"
The young eyes glowing with holy fire.
"And man, through me, shall grow purer, stronger;
My words shall echo, my deeds inspire,
It lifts man's soul from its weight of sorrow;
The Good, the Beauty; I dream and plan;
There comes tomorrow, and then tomorrow,
And yet tomorrow, and I a man."

By the cliff whence the waves their gray gloom borrow
The sweetest of sweet voiced Echoes lay,
And murmured: "Tomorrow! Tomorrow! Tomorrow!"
Was there a thrill as of mocking laughter,
Sounding long after,
And dying away?

The swift years speed and his life is Duty;
Ah, the old time light in the eyes is dead;
"I am faithful still to my dream of Beauty;
Tomorrow, tomorrow is mine!" he said.

By the cliff whence the waves their gray gloom borrow
The sweetest of sweet voiced Echoes lay,
And murmured: "Tomorrow is mine! Tomorrow!"
Was there a thrill as of mocking laughter
Sounding long after,
And dying away?

The swift years speed and the light is failing,
The dim eyes turn to the misty west;
The white head droops, and he stands bewailing,
Earth's wearied, dejected, disheartened guest,
"Too late!" There will be no morrow's greeting
Of my grand, great Work but the ruined shell;
I have always dreamed, as the years were fleeting
"There is yet to-morrow!" The dark night fell.

By the cliff whence the waves their gray gloom borrow
The sweetest of sweet voiced Echoes lay;
"There is yet to-morrow!" she echoed, "To-morrow!"
Was there a thrill as of tender sadness,
Changing to gladness,
And dying away?

—Charlotte W. Thurston in Overland Monthly.

MACK'S ESCAPE.

In the town in which I live there is an old frontiersman whom every one calls "Squire Mack." In the early days he went to California, and had many curious adventures there which he delights in recounting.

At the breaking out of the civil war he was making shingles near some mining town in the Sierra Nevada. The news from home filled him with patriotic fire, and with several comrades he turned his face eastward and traveled as rapidly as possible toward the "States."

Arriving at Salt Lake City, he learned that Indians had been raiding the trail ahead, firing upon wagon trains and burning express and stage stations. This news disheartened his companions, who resolved to stop at Salt Lake City until the trouble was over.

Not so with Mack. He was of the sort of men who are bound to go through when they have begun a thing. He pressed on, taking his chances, on the "Cherokee trail."

Mack had been a wagonmaster along this trail, and knew the ground well. He had heard that the Indians were raiding about Green river, but he knew that at the crossing of the trail over this stream he had a good friend in the person of Bat Lavigne, an old French Canadian trader who lived here.

Lavigne had a great deal of influence among the surrounding tribes of Utes, Uintahs, Cheyennes and Arapahoes. He was married to an Arapaho woman, and was reckoned a member of that tribe. He must be aware of the movements of the Indians.

So Mack, riding an excellent cayuse and leading a good sized pack mule, pushed boldly on to Green river crossing and brought up at Bat Lavigne's adobe dwelling one evening at sundown. Lavigne made him welcome heartily.

The trader told him that a big war party of Arapahoes had "mixed medicine" at Green river two days before, and had set out from there upon an expedition to the east. He had been with them during the powwow, but did not know whether they had "excepted white blood" in mixing their medicine or not. If they had not, the trail would be extremely dangerous.

But there were no other Indians to be feared at present, he said, if one kept straight upon the old Cherokee trail, which passed over a line of neutral ground between the mountain tribes. If the Arapahoes were again to go plundering and killing whites, as they had done a few weeks before, they would keep to this trail to avoid other enemies.

Mack's strong desire to get forward upon the way home got the better of his prudence, and he again took the trail eastward.

At about noon on the third day he came upon the smoldering ruins of an old freight or way station.

Mack knew very well, from certain signs which he saw in the neighborhood, that the building had been fired by Indians. If people had been living in it they had probably been killed or taken prisoners.

Whither the Indians had gone Mack could not determine. The ground was hard and baked, and no tracks of any sort could be discovered, but the party could not be far distant.

Mack picketed his animals among some sage brush near at hand, and ate his noon lunch while considering whether it was best to go back or go ahead. He had now no doubt that the building had been burned by the Arapahoes, and that they had not "excepted white blood" in making up their protective medicine.

As he sat in this meditative mood the traveler, happening to cast his eyes back upon the trail over which he had come, saw two horsemen leading pack animals and riding toward him at a gallop.

They proved to be young men who were on their way home to Tennessee. They had heard of Mack at Lavigne's three days before, and had been trying to overtake him.

They, too, were on their way eastward to take part in the great struggle then going forward; but they intended to join the southern army, while he was going to join the Union forces.

"Partner," said one of the southerners, "let's stick together and fight together through this here Indian country, and after we get home we'll fight each other."

"All right," said Mack; "it's agreed. Northerners is northerners and southerners is southerners, but Injins is pizen."

So these deadly enemies of the near future went on together, comrades in danger. Every man of the three was equipped with a stout muzzle loading rifle and a large Colt's revolver.

They set out together on the trail and had advanced but a few miles from the burned station when they sighted a squad of mounted Indians, who had just broken camp at a mountain spring beside the trail. They were several hundred yards in advance when they were discovered, and were just riding out of the depression which gave rise to the spring.

On account of his long experience in the country Mack had been given the leadership by the Tennesseeans. He came to a halt and told his companions to get off their horses, hoping they might possibly escape notice; but even while they were dismounting the Indians caught sight of them, and wheeling their ponies about came back at a gallop straight down the trail. They spread out in a sort of fan shape as they came, and Mack counted twenty-six.

"Git ready for business, boys," said he quietly. "Behind your horses, revolvers handy, and rifles across saddles!"

The Indians came on at a reckless pace until within about a hundred yards, when Mack, stepping out from behind his horse, shouted and motioned them back.

They pulled up suddenly. One of them slipped from his pony, and handing the rein and his gun to a comrade came forward on foot, gorgeous in a colored blanket, a white slouch hat stuck with ravens' feathers, and a variety of brilliant paints daubed upon his face and breast.

He was a big fellow and walked with a swinging stride.

"How! how!" said he, as he halted a few paces distant and grinned hideously through his paints.

"How do you do?" answered Mack. "What do you want?"

The Indian shook his head in token that he did not understand English.

"Hablan ustedes Espanol?" (Do you speak Spanish?) asked the Indian.

Mack, who had picked up a smattering of Spanish, answered that he did. In this tongue the Indian asked where they were going.

Mack answered that they were going home to the land where the sun rose, and asked in turn what the chief—for such the Indian undoubtedly was—wanted.

The Arapaho told him if the white men would surrender their horses, mules, guns and ammunition they might keep their blankets and go on, and he would not let his warriors molest them.

For reply Mack indicated, partly in Spanish and partly by gestures, that the Indians might have the ammunition through the muzzles of the guns and the weapons and animals after their owners were dead.

At this the Indian grinned, and tried to turn the matter off as a joke. He then asked if Mack and his party were going to camp at Big Medicine springs that night, and upon being told that they were, said that his camp was there, and that he and his braves would keep the white men company.

But the white men might, he said, travel in advance, since in this way they would escape the dust the Indians' horses would make.

Mack declined this courteous offer, but told the Indian that he and his companions would follow. They did not mind traveling in the dust at all, especially as there was no dust on the sun baked plain.

The Arapaho laughed again, "mighty onpleasant," as one of the Tennesseeans put it, and wheeling about strode back to his men.

After a moment's conversation with them he sprang into his saddle, and with a beckoning motion to the white men headed his cavalcade back upon the trail.

Mack's companions looked at him inquiringly.

"We've got to follow, boys," he told them. "There's no use bucking agin it. If we turn tail now we're goners. Our only hope is to go on with 'em fearlessly and camp not far from 'em tonight and then trust to darkness to get away from 'em."

Without a moment's hesitation they mounted and followed the Arapahoes, who jogged along at a dog trot.

All that afternoon the three whites rode close behind the Indians, talking and laughing with an unconcern which they did not feel, but which undoubtedly did much to render the savages more certain of outwitting and capturing or killing the little party at their leisure.

Big Medicine was reached about sundown. The chief had spoken truly with regard to his camp, for there were twelve or fifteen lodges near the springs on the lower slope of the hill near the base of which the water came to the surface.

As they rode down to the springs the chief dropped back and asked Mack where he would camp. Mack told him they would picket their horses among the sagebrush on the side of the hill above the spring. This seemed to satisfy the Indian; he turned away and rode with the others down to their camp.

After watering their animals and bringing a pailful from the springs the white men moved up the side hill some 200 yards above and picketed their animals in a little depression out of sight of the Indian camp. A sentinel, however, whom they could see posted upon a rock upon the opposite bluff, had them in full view.

"Now, boys," said Mack to his companions after they had lighted a fire, "git out your Dutch oven and I'll git out mine and my self raisin flower, and while you take the hatchets and cut a big lot of sagebrush for a bonfire I'll mix and bake bread enough to last us three days.

"Then after that's done we'll eat a big supper and light a big fire, and behind the blaze of it we'll crawl to our horses and get out of these diggin's. It'll take us three days or three nights to reach Fort Collins, and those fellows 'll follow us clean through unless we can dodge them somewhere on the trail."

In three hours everything was in readiness for departure. No Indians had ventured near them. Evidently the Indians were trying to throw the white men off their guard by a show of indifference.

It had grown quite dark. Mack resolved to trust in a not unfamiliar ruse. He first allowed the fire to sink low, and then gathered a quantity of sagebrush and wrapped it up in three of their extra blankets.

These bundles were then placed near the fire so that they should look at a distance like the figures of men squatted before the blaze.

Then Mack and his comrades piled on brush until the flames leaped high; and behind this blaze they crept away to the horses, mounted them, and leading the repacked mules rode straight up the side hill until out of range of the firelight.

They then turned and rode several miles parallel with the trail, guiding their course by faintly seen stars. By and by they struck into the trail and urged their animals forward. They had heard no sound of Indians in pursuit.

Before daylight they turned off and rode about four miles to the left, where they hid their animals in a little pocket which had grass and water and betook themselves to a quaking-asp thicket near at hand for rest, and, by turns, for sleep. Here they proposed to remain all day and to go on again at night. One of them kept guard at the edge of the thicket, overlooking the route and the surrounding country.

Late in the afternoon a squad of Indians were discerned in the distance looking for their trail. Crowded behind tufts of buffalo grass, they watched this band closely and anxiously.

At sundown a signal fire about three miles away announced that their tracks had been discovered. But it would yet be an hour or more before the Indians would overtake the little party.

As soon as it grew dark enough to cover their retreat, Mack and his companions started. They crossed the trail, and rode until midnight on the other side. Then they crossed back again, rode two miles out to the left and camped until daylight.

Rising again, they took the trail direct, and rode at as rapid a pace as their animals could be expected to sustain.

Mack thought they had gained a lead during the night which would make it impossible for the Indians to come up with them; but at about 10 o'clock they discovered a signal fire upon a hill not more than a mile off at the left and somewhat in advance of them.

The building of this fire was proof that the party ahead were scouts, and that the main body of the Indians was behind. Mack kept his men to the trail, and they urged their animals forward.

All that day they rode, but the Indians who were signaling kept steadily in advance of them. During the day they counted no less than seventeen fires, all built at a great distance from the trail; but during all the time not an Arapaho was seen.

That night, when their horses and mules were almost exhausted, the white men made out the dim forms of two mountains a few miles in advance. Mack knew that these marked the passage of the trail out upon the open plains, within a three or four hours' ride of Fort Collins. Hidden in the mouth of a canyon they escaped observation. They rested and fed their horses, took food and before daylight were again in the saddle.

"If we have any trouble it will come in the pass between the mountains," Mack told his comrades. "If we don't run against a party of 'em there, we're out of the woods. If we do, it'll take a good bunch of 'em to clean us out, for there's no cover—only open ground."

As they rode into the pass they saw five Indians in the distance, seated upon their horses near the trail. These were undoubtedly the scouts, who, riding the swiftest ponies in their band, had kept ahead and were now stationed in the pass hoping to hold the white men in check until others of their party came up.

"Nothin to do but brush 'em 'one side, boys," said Mack.

Tightening their girths and looking to their weapons, the little party charged forward at a stiff gallop.

The Indians slipped off their horses and made a show of standing their ground; but as the white men pressed straight on and came nearly within rifle shot they lost their courage and fled.

Five hours later Mack and the Tennesseeans were in Fort Collins, where a strong detachment of regular troops was stationed.

The Tennesseeans looked queerly at Mack as they rode up to the fort. They seemed to be satisfied with his look, and said nothing. Nor did Mack say anything to the officers at the post concerning his companions' rebellious intentions.—Frank Welles Calkins in Youth's Companion.

Couldn't Bear Him.

An English rector, in an agricultural parish, found his own sermons acceptable enough to his congregation, but not those of his assistant. "Why don't you come to hear Mr. Jones?" he said to the leading farmer; "he's an excellent fellow, and preaches far better than I do." "That may be, sir," was the grave rejoinder; "but we've been inquiring and inquiring about your curate, and we can't find as he's got any property; and we don't like to be told of our sins by a person as hasn't got no property."—San Francisco Argonaut.

A Gentle Hint.

Sheridan gave rather a shrewd intimation to a spinster who insisted upon accompanying him in a walk after a summer shower:

"It has cleared up enough for one, madam, but not enough for two."—New York Home Journal.

A SMART TRAVELER.

HE CAUSED A SLEUTHHOUND VERY GREAT ASTONISHMENT.

A Clever Traveling Man Who Was a Good Deal Smarter Than a Western Detective—The Means He Took to Teach the Officer a Lesson in Carefulness.

A famous western detective declares that he never surprised a criminal more completely than he himself was surprised in a journey from Albany to New York.

He was seated comfortably in a parlor car skimming over a newspaper, when a gentleman rose from the seat opposite, and touching him on the shoulder remarked in an offhand way, as if they had been chatting together for hours:

"Well, sir, of course you will do as you think best, but it's my opinion that you are on a false scent."

"How do you mean?" asked the detective, staring at the man with all his eyes in a vain attempt to make out his identity.

"Why, I mean that there is no use in your trying to find out the motive which prompted this young girl to throw herself into the river, because she was dead before she ever left the land."

"What young girl? What river? Who are you talking about and who are you?"

All this rather sharply, for the westerner was not a little piqued by being addressed thus familiarly by an entire stranger, who seemed—and that was the puzzling part of it—to be perfectly familiar with his private affairs.

"I trust, sir, that I am not annoying you," said the newcomer with the utmost courtesy. "I know what professional discretion calls for on your part, but the extreme interest I take in the fate of this unfortunate girl prompted me, perhaps unwisely, to venture the suggestion you seem to resent."

Somewhat mollified, but as much in the dark as ever as to the man's identity, the detective replied:

"But, my dear sir, how can you possibly take any interest in my business when you do not know me?"

"Ah, but there you are mistaken," said the other smiling. "I do know you very well and sympathize deeply with you in the loss of your poor mother, who died about a month ago, if I am not mistaken."

This was indeed the case and wonderingly the detective listened as the gentleman went on:

"By the way, you must have had an exciting time in your recent trip abroad in pursuit of those St. Louis counterfeiters. What a pity they gave you the slip at Mannheim. But for that you would have accomplished one of the greatest pieces of detective work of modern times. Don't you think that German banker who was so friendly betrayed you to the rascals?"

"I haven't the slightest doubt he did," exclaimed the man of wile, "but who in the name of heaven are you?"

The stranger, still smiling, continued:

"I suppose you have given up the idea of having that boy of yours follow in your footsteps? On the whole I think the law will be a better career for him. He has not your strength and endurance and"——

"Now, look here, my friend," interrupted the bewildered detective, "let's call a halt on this funny business. I'll own up you have got the drop on me. Now, come, what is in the scheme? How do you come to know, and above all how, in the name of all that is mysterious, do you know things about me which no one"——

"Oh, I know more than that," was the exasperating reply. "I know all about the mean way you were turned down at the head office last summer. I know the man who did it and why he was jealous of you. I know how you proposed to get square with him in this very case by proving that he has accepted hush money from"——

"For God's sake, my dear sir, be careful what you are saying. Some one in the car may be listening. Do you speak French?"

"That is precisely what I do speak," said the other, and suiting the action to the word he continued in that language, which he spoke with the purest Parisian accent.

"Now listen and I will give you an explanation of the present enigma. Possibly you may find in it a lesson for the future.

"Do you remember being down in Pennsylvania about a fortnight ago, riding from Pittsburg to Oil City with a dark complexioned man about my height who wore a full black beard?"

"Yes," answered the detective, "I do. That was an eastern detective who was working with me on a bank robbery. He is one of my best friends."

"And you told him, did you not, all about this recent row you have had at headquarters, and discussed with him what was the best thing to do about it?"

"Yes; but how did you know that? Did he tell you?"

"Never mind how I know it. You also talked over with him the case you are now working upon and declared your intention of exposing the dishonorable conduct of your rival. Is not that true? And if so, don't you think that for a detective of your experience you showed a lack of caution in speaking of such serious matters in a public car?"

"Yes," answered the detective quickly, "but I remember now that my friend and I spoke only French as a precaution. No one understands French out in western Pennsylvania."

"And what if I told you that I was in the seat behind you all the way to Oil City, apparently fast asleep? What would you say to that?"

The detective's jaw fell.

"Do you mean to tell me that all you know about my life and my business you got from a chance conversation overheard on a railway?"

"Precisely."

"And that you never knew me, or my friend, or any one who knew us?"

"Never."

"Well, stranger, you are a smarter detective than I am and you've got a memory that's just ghain lightning. There's just ten minutes to wait here. Come along and have a cigar."—New York Herald.

A Girl in the Carpathians.

Before riding, and not knowing how long I might have to be in the saddle, I had been as fresh as paint and as keen as any lizard; now, having arrived, I was tired at once, sat on the bed with my yellow leggined feet stuck out in front of me like a dorking, and felt slight, rather weak, half controlled smiles chase over my face as I glanced about the room.

The woman brought in an engaging looking soup tureen, from which, however, no steam rose, and a lordly dish of maize meal porridge.

"The hen's supper it used to be at home!" thought I, in faint amusement, and sat down to investigate the soup tureen. Beautiful clumps and clots of milk were in it—sour milk, but of a sourness exquisitely fresh, and clean to taste. The woman showed me the method of procedure. You filled your soup plate with the milk, which you ate with a spoon, and every now and then you took a spoonful of the porridge from the big dish before you. Will any one tell me where was ever such a supper? My hostess stood beside me, a queer woman's mixture of curiosity and shyness, telling me she had a lodger already, and expected another in a few days, beginning every sentence with "Ich sag' Ihnen," or "Jetzt, ich bitte."

She fetched a teapot and a small tumbler and left me with them. I drew my little Epictetus from my knapsack; it would be as well to have a motto for my journey and the poor slave would give me something fitting.

You cannot open the Encheiridion at the wrong place, for there is none. This is what was printed just where I put in my finger. "Do not seek to have all things happen as you would choose them, but rather choose them to happen as they do; and so shall the current of your life flow free." I took a couple of cigarettes with this reflection and then went sanely to my bed.—Menie Muriel Dowie.

A German Clock.

Mr. Thomas D. Bullinger, of Govanstown, is the owner of an antique piece of mechanism. It is the result of years of labor of an old clockmaker of Nuremberg, Germany. It is a clock with a framework of walnut, and stands 11 feet high. At the top it is 3½ feet across, but tapers until at the center it is about 2 feet wide. It rests on a pedestal, which is the same width as at the top of the clock. The dial is 12 inches in diameter, of white enamel and black figures. In the dial is set a handsome oil painting of David performing on a harp and a pretty woman, with bowed head, listening attentively to the music.

When the clock strikes the hour two beautiful German airs are heard in succession, and on a platform above the dial twelve small figures of men and women, about 5 inches high, dance in couples. Musicians are seated in the rear of the figures performing on the cornet, drum and clarionet. A clown appears clapping his hands and moving his mouth. A figure appears on either side of the platform and makes a polite bow. The clock plays twenty-four different German tunes. The musical weight is of lead, and weighs 125 pounds. Over 130 various pipes are needed to play the tunes. The entire clock weighs nearly 600 pounds.

The machinery is extremely complicated. The clock is over 100 years old.—Baltimore American.

The Falsetto Voice.

Mr. E. Davidson Palmer, Mus. Bac. Oxon., calls the attention of scientific men to an apparently unknown fact in connection with voice production. This fact has to do with the so called "falsetto" voice. The general opinion about this kind of voice is that it is something altogether unnatural, and that it ought never to be used. According to modern scientific theories, however, it is one of two or more registers, and is supposed to be intended by nature to be used only at the upper extremity of the vocal compass. But it is quite possible to produce this kind of voice at a much lower pitch (at least an octave lower) than that at which singers are ever taught to use it.

Produced in this way, it may be so weak and feeble as to be practically useless. Still it is possible so to produce it, as men and singers well know. What they do not know and what scientific men appear to be totally unaware of, is that it may be developed at this low pitch, and not only developed, but completely transformed. When thus transformed it loses entirely its unnatural and effeminate character, and becomes a strong, manly voice, which is easily mistaken for what is commonly called "chest voice," but which, unlike that kind of voice, is capable of bearing throughout its whole compass any strain that may be put upon it.—English Mechanic.

Size of the United States Soldier.

Statistics gathered by the United States government show that the enlisted soldiers of the United States army vary in height from a minimum of 4 feet 9 inches to a maximum of 6 feet 4½ inches. The giant of the army is serving in the Department of Arizona and the dwarf in the Department of the Missouri. In weight the range is even greater than it is in height, the minimum being ninety-seven pounds and the maximum 280, the average throughout the army being 153½, and the average height 5 feet 7 inches. The youngest soldier enlisted is sixteen years of age; the oldest sixty-six, the average being about thirty years.—St. Louis Republic.

A Nice Way to Train Little Ones.

Every wise woman understands that the best method of teaching her daughter that tidiness and cleanliness of habit so essential to good housekeeping is the giving to the little girl a little province of her own, as dainty and attractive as thought and care can make it, and make her responsible for its order or disorder.—New York Sun.

Both Indignant.

Irate Purchaser (to house furnisher's assistant)—This stove won't burn!

Assistant—Ave coorse not, sorr. Iron usually won't.—Harper's Bazar.

HOW FRENCH BANK BILLS ARE MADE.

More Than Four Hundred Persons Are Employed in Manufacturing Them.

All bills are issued by the Bank of France, which carries on the whole process of manufacture, including even that of the paper on which they are printed and the ink used. The paper factory is at La Ferte-sous-Jouarre, where linen rags are so treated as to produce a paper of a peculiar quality. This special paper is made, inspected, cut into sheets and shipped to Paris under the care of two of the bank officials, who are held responsible for every sheet.

The sheets are packed in bundles of 1,000 in each, and are printed in the basement of the bank building in Paris. As with the blank paper, the bills, in every stage of fabrication, are in charge of some official, who must account for every one which has come into his hands, either by showing it, or a receipt given for it by the official to whom he has handed it over. As the bank has sometimes printed 400,000 bills a day, and at such periods employs about 400 persons in the printing department, strict accounts are necessary to prevent loss, and an elaborate system of humbugging and checking is used.

A series of bills consists of 1,000, which are numbered from 1 to 1,000, and twenty-five series, lettered A, B, C, etc., and tied up together, under the name of an "alphabet." After each operation, the bills are verified by women, who sign their names on the band placed around the bundles. As there are nine operations, there must be nine verifications, and the final verification is repeated, by a fresh set of inspectors, so that nothing can be overlooked. After the bills are complete they are delivered to the secretary of the bank, who examines them and gives a receipt for them, discharging the head of the printing department from further responsibility. They are then placed in the vaults and are withdrawn for issue only by order of the governors of the bank.

The principal difficulty in regulating the accounts comes from the defective bills. No bill is allowed to pass the inspectors which shows a spot, an uneven margin, a defect in printing or any other imperfection, and the bills thrown out must be recorded in the books with quite as much accuracy as those which pass successfully to the final stage. Every bill rejected by the inspectors is stamped, and its place in the series filled by a check. The stamped bills go to the secretary of the bank, who puts them under lock and key, and new bills, corresponding to the checks, are printed, and credit is given to the paper manufactory for the paper necessary to make these.

The accounts of the "faulted" bills are carried through the books and for verification the stamped bills themselves are kept for five years. At the end of that time, if there has been no question about them, the regents of the bank, the secretary, the examiners, the chiefs of the printing department, and the chiefs of the department of bill accounts join in signing an order, in pursuance of which they are taken from the vaults and destroyed.—Le Genie Civile.

Profits of Sleeping Cars.

An operating official who knows considerable about sleeping cars, their cost and profit remarked: "Sleeping cars pay big money and when one knows the cost of operating them it is no wonder. A new car costs, good, strong and modern, anyway from $8,000 to $10,000, although you hear of them worth twice that sum. However, those costly cars don't get outside the shops. Well, the railroad companies pay three cents a mile for the privilege of hauling them, and the car will average 300 miles in twenty-four hours the year round, or nine dollars a day earnings. Say it only earns $3,000 a year, a low estimate, it will pay for itself in three years.

Now a ten section car has twenty berths, selling local at two dollars a berth, making the earning capacity per night forty dollars, not counting the day earnings. Of course sleepers don't carry full loads every night, but if they did not average ten passengers a day we would not haul them on our road. Now, we pay for ice, water and fuel, and insure the cars—that is, we repair them when wrecked or injured. The sleeping car company pays a porter twenty-five dollars a month at the most, a conductor ninety dollars and has to furnish linen and soap. It is not difficult to see how the sleeping car companies pay dividends.—Indianapolis Journal.

Advice to Girls.

Don't conclude that a man is a gentleman because he has the manners of one.

Don't think because a man is a graceful and interesting talker that he is everything else.

Don't fail to take a man at his word when he says he is poor.

Don't be familiar with men, and don't permit familiarities from them.

Don't think because a man likes you that he wants to marry you.

Don't think a man is not in love with you because he has not proposed to you.

Don't be silly about the men.

Don't be rude to a man in order to show your independence.

Don't let a man impose upon you, simply because he is a man.

Don't believe everything a man tells you, either about himself or yourself.—Detroit Free Press.

Poor Boys.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Grandma Toogood, "them boys ought not to be playin football. The newspapers says that the Maydover players aren't 'strong in their backs.' I shouldn't think the fakelty would let 'em, should you?"

"No, indeed, grandma," replied Tom seriously. "It is very dangerous. Why, you can't count on some of those poor fellows for anything more than a quarter back."—Boston Post.

Many Dust Particles.

In his own labotatory Mr. Aitken calculated 30,000,000 of dust particles in a cubic inch of air, near the ceiling 88,000,000, and above a Bunsen flame the infinite number of 489,000,000.—Good Words.

How She Served the Summons.

She was bright and pretty, and she dropped into a lawyer's office the other day and asked for work.

"What can you do?"

"Anything a woman of ability can do, and more than most men."

"Great opinion of yourself, young woman," said an elderly lawyer present. "Perhaps you think you could serve this summons."

"I might," said she. "May I look at it? Yes, I will."

"If you do that you'll do something we've all been trying to do for a week. He's a slippery fellow and his people are all posted. However, you may try it. You can afford to lose a little conceit," and the lawyer smiled grimly.

At 10 the next morning the office door was opened and the bright young woman walked in again.

"Thought you'd give it up, eh? Found him too slippery for you? Thought so."

"The paper is served," said she. It was her turn to smile now, and she did it. The lawyer swung round in his chair.

"Served. How'd you do it?"

"Oh, it was simple enough. I called at his place of business, looked around, priced some materials and then asked if he was in.

"'No,' said the salesman, 'but I can do as well.'

"'I think not,' I said quietly. 'He has always served me before, and he understands just what I want.'

"'Oh, in that case you might call at his house. He will be in to dinner.'

"I did call at his house, dressed in my best, card case in hand. I sent in my card and he appeared promptly.

"'Mr. ——?' said I, rising.

"'Yes. You wish to see me on business?'

"'I hear you are interested in property in —— street?'

"'Yes.'

"'Well, I have a paper which will interest you concerning it,' offering him the summons, which he took with a smile. He looked at it and flushed crimson. So did I. Nothing was said. He controlled his temper and accompanied me to the door.

"Another field open to women," was the lawyer's only comment.—New York World.

Pity the Poor Drummer.

A very good looking drummer he was, and he had succeeded in making a great impression upon the table girl at a Maine hotel. He paid strict attention to the girl and to his dinner and his performance was creditable and thorough in both directions. But he did not eat his sweet corn. Finally the girl said in her sweetest tone: "You must have another ear of corn. That is cold and is not filled out."

"Oh, no"— but she is gone.

She returned with a steaming ear of corn and then waited expectantly to see him bury in the succulent vegetable his pretty teeth, that he showed with such charming grace in his smile. He ought to have known better, but in a spirit of bravado he responded to the mute appeal in that waiter girl's eyes and set his teeth into the corn. The first mouthful went all right, the second was a great success, but the third—we would that our tale could end here, but it cannot.

At the third mouthful, as he darted a gleam of fond adoration at the girl, his teeth loyally stayed by the mangled ear of corn for an instant, then dropped to the floor with a rattle that sounded in his ears like the discharge of heavy artillery. Worst of all, as he madly scratched for them he couldn't find his treasure. Finally the girl recovered them from a neighboring table, after a lady had kindly moved her skirts aside and revealed the truant teeth. The look that passed between that girl and the drummer as she handed him the teeth had something in it that wilted the bouquet over which it passed.—Lewiston Journal.

An Adirondack Term.

Healthy summer visitors to the Adirondacks frequently hear a term used by the natives in describing some of their city comrades in those delightful and health giving regions that greatly mystifies them at first. The people thus referred to technically are called the "lungers," who are generally found to be pretty plentiful. "Lungers," pronounced "lung-ers," is a word that has not as yet got into general usage outside the range of the pine tree odors of the northernmost part of New York state; but its meaning and derivation are soon perceived and compel instant admiration for their simplicity and significance.

The "lungers" of the Adirondack regions are none other than the consumptives who resort thither for the benefit of their lung troubles, and who form a class by themselves in the eyes of the natives apart from the mere huntsmen and pleasure seekers. There is a sort of distinction in being a lunger that naught else can give, and though the word thus evolved by an admirable philological fitness seems to have a touch of rugged brutality in it at first sight, yet there is, after all, a kind of rough sympathy in it that is redolent of the soil.

As the pulmonary knowledge of the Adirondack people increases in minuteness, as it doubtless will, one may expect to hear the more detailed designations of "one lungers," "half lungers," etc., though this, it is believed, has not yet been observed.—New York Tribune.

What Three Women Do While Riding.

A busy woman says she gives her mind a complete rest on her journeys to and from the scene of her daily work: "I close my eyes behind my hand or paper and make my mind as complete a blank as possible." Another woman, a writer, says, on the contrary, "I make a practice to give my brain over to wandering fancies, often getting my best ideas while in transit." Still another woman, a busy mother, plans the children's frocks, "Mentally making over, altering and combining in a way that is most helpful to me afterward." All of which shows that this perennial riding has come to have an allotted place and consideration.—Her Point of View in New York Times.

FOR THE TOILET

There is no more useful or elegant article than Ayer's Hair Vigor—the most popular and economical hair-dressing in the market. It causes the hair to grow abundantly and retain the beauty and texture of youth; prevents baldness, heals troublesome humors of the scalp and keeps it clean, cool, and healthy. Both ladies and gentlemen everywhere prefer Ayer's Hair Vigor to any other dressing for the hair. Mrs Lydia O. E. Pittston, Me., writes: "I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for some time, and it has worked wonders for me. I was troubled with dandruff and falling hair, so that I was rapidly becoming bald; but since using the Vigor, my head is perfectly clear of dandruff, the hair has ceased coming out, and I now have a good growth, of the same color as when I was a young woman. I can heartily recommend the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor to any one suffering from dandruff or loss of hair."

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Holy Family Court No. 1—J K Clowry, C R, 433 Blue Island av; J L Shepherd, Treas; W J Wallace, R S, 130 W Taylor st; G B Bracken, F S; Dr G C Synon, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Sodality hall, cor May and 11th.

Columbia Court No. 2—J F O'Neil, C R, 520 W Erie st; Wm Flanagan, R S, 2 Smart st; John E Kelly, F S; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr T Conley, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday, 8 p m, and 3d Sunday, 3 p m, in Society hall, 539 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart Court No. 3—James O'Neill, C R, 138 W 18th st; P J O'Keefe, R S, 265 E Indiana st; Hugh P Moran, F S; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr Wm C King, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday cor. Canalport av and Union st.

St. Pius Court No. 4—F T Nichol, C R, 345 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, R S, 729 Hinman st; F M Quinn, F S; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays, St Pius school hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av.

Jaques Carter Court No. 5—Geo Dalziel, C R, Blackhawk and Cherry sts; H Langlois, R S, Vernon Park place; A St Pierre, F S; N F Franchere, Treas; Dr F W Fitzgerald, C P. Meet 188 Blue Island av, 2nd and 4th Sunday. Conducted in the French language.

St. John's Court No. 6—Henry C Johnson, C R, 2127 State st; Wm J Graham, R S, 179 E 18th st; T J Magner, F S; D M McKindley, Treas; Dr D B Sullivan, C P. Meet in St. John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

St. James Court No. 7—A B Perrigo, C R, 2967 State st; Henry S Hewson, R S, 2518 Butterfield st; W J Erler, F S; D B Quinlan, Treas; Dr P S MacDonald, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Friday, at 2974 State st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoyne, R S, 337 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 165 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 505 28th st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C P. Meet at hall 2441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J C Schubert, C R, 133 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 25 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C P; 163 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge ct.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3458 Halstedst; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3623 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J R McNamara, C P. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeenst; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr C Hogan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Rogers, C R, 451 W Ohio st; D B Hansen, R S, 532 W Adams st; M C O'Kane, F S; J B Shiel, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 571 E Superior st; M C Cooney, R S, 369 Wells st; J F Owens, F S; J F Jaeger, Treas; Dr J K Winer, C P. Meet at Feehan hall, 2d and 4th Tuesday.

St. Thomas' Court, No. 15—Thos Mulvihill, C R, Woodlawn Park; John Mott, R S, box 46, Woodlawn Park; Thos W Gray, F S; P Chambers, Treas; Dr A E Garceau, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Flood's hall, Hyde Park.

St. Gabriel's Court, No. 16—John Hunt, C R; Peter Quigley, R S, 606 Root st; John Hale, F S; Wm Tracey, Treas; Dr J Bielly, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Sundays, 45th and Wallace sts.

St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Kuehlmann, F S; Geo Denlauler, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley, C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 261 S May st; S A Clow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Seuss, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 505 Park av; P Noonan, F S; H C Latus, Treas; Dr M McGrath, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pura hall, 1098 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Roth, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 2013 Wentworth av; F H Moninger, F S; M W Fola, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgohann, C P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaefer's hall, 2301 Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No 21; South Chicago—Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWinnie, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C P. Meet 1st and 4th Thursday in 8th. Patrick's hall, South Chicago.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 22—B Burns, C R, 4428 LaSalle st; O A Reddy, R S, 798 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hara, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas P Caldwell, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No 23—P H Brady, C R, 509 Tallman av; E W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; H Smith, F S; E H Ashendon, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C P. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Legomis's hall, Western and North ave.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J P Lauth, C R, 261 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 93 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas F Buck, C P. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P O Harbour, C R, 186 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B Lovreen, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C P. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Franchere's hall, 188 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 1235 Sherman st; Frank A Kucera, R S, 526 S Morgan st; Joseph Seitz, F S; Val Schmittesmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thomsets, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 545 S Jefferson st; Julius Esler, R S, 299 W Thirteenth st; John McShea, F S; John J Marnell, Treas; Dr Wm A Synon, C P. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—A H Weir, C R, 781 N Robey st; Edmond C Foley, R S, 459 W Indiana st; Henry H. Canavan, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Venn, C P. Meet corner W North av and Robey st, 1st and 3d Friday.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29— Faxel, C R, 883 Blue Island av; John Barggraf, R S 144 Ambrose st; Aug Ehlebracht, F S; Henry Schultz, Treas; Dr Brand, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 158 Ambrose st, 8 p m.

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—Simon J. Forhan, C R, 1710 Diversey av; Luke Sullivan, R S; Joseph F Holden, F S; Michael Roeder, Treas. Meets first and third Mondays in Phoenix Hall, Division and Sedgwick sts.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawtonh, C R, 241 Webster av; Jas F Lusk, R S, 233 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 3 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Hanrahan, C R, 16 N Sangamon st; David Coutrell, R S, [illegible] st; W Mitchell, treas; Dr J T Stanton, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av.

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Teemer, C R, 241 Orchard st; John J Blindauer, R S, 158 Hudson av; M F Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson ave.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Schmitt, R S, 200 Mohawk st; Fred'k Krings, F S; M Fransen, Treas; Dr Charles Koller, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J O Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr C W Pusey, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 443 Seminary av; L Bobrez, R S, 223 Elm st; J F Devine, F S; F T Scanlan, Treas; Dr F H Cronin, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 324 E Division st.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 5524 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4946 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C P. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays.

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Brieski, C R, 597 Southport av; Chas J Flugel, R S, 36 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont ave.

Cour Lavel Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Deguise, F S; John B Dronin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 5137 Archer av.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 5611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3644 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 5137 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 2:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 546 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 102 Cornell st; Peter H Heinrichs, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish

St. Charles Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O'Donahue, C R; John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; N P Mersch, Treas; Dr E H Webster, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

St. Hubert's Court No. 45—John Kolle, C R, 795 Milwaukee av; H J Sommers, R S, 587 W Chicago av; J H Nelles, F S; Frank Fick, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday at 994 Milwaukee av.

McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 153 Huron st; P C. Crane, R S, 381 Orchard st; B E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, C P. Meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st, 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P H Hickey, C R, 1422 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 420 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C P. Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 2949 Lyman st; Martin Hottua, R S, 2617 Emerald av; C Niersbach, F S; Chas Trunecht, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sanger st and Archer av.

St. Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill.—J J McInerney, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Hallihan, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

Assumption Court No. 50, (Italian)—F Brucciani, C R, 456 Milwaukee av; G B Lagomarsino, R S, 70 E Indiana st; J L Pieromi, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter F Krantz, C R; Nicholas Allen, R S; M Winandy, F S; M Jaeques, Treas. Meet in St. Henry school hall, Rosehill, 2d and 4th Thursdays.

Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—A F Teefy, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 2013 W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis Molyneux, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

Waukegan Court No. 53—J H Finney, C R; J J Jemison, R S; John Michaels, F S; J R Dady, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday in Catholic school hall.

St. Francis Court No. 54—K J Cody, C R, 98 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, R S, 98 Coulter st; David McGann, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av.

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, C R, 448 51st st; J J Kenney, R S, 2816 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 2974 State st.

Canadian Court No. 56—L Drolet, C R; E G Richter, R S; L Goudreau, Jr., F S; M F Bachant, Treas; Dr. J N Fraser, C P. Kankakee, Ill.

St. Cecelia's Court No. 57—J J Sepple, C R, 4511 Wentworth av; D Kavanagh, R S, 4721 Butterfield st; M H Powers, F S; M Cronin, Treas. meet in St. Cecelia's hall, 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday

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County Financial Secretary, J. W. Connell.
County Treasurer, M. E. Lynch, 530 W Erie st.

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EXCEEDINGLY EMBARRASSING.

Perplexity of a Polite Man Who Lost His Equilibrium in a Street Car.

I took them for a newly married couple. Certainly if she had been married very long she would have known better.

They got on a south bound Clark street car at Goethe street. She was slender and graceful, and had large, dancing dark eyes. He was extremely polite. He helped her on the car very tenderly, and after riding two blocks he jumped up the instant a very fleshy old lady entered the car and offered her his seat, with a low bow—a sure indication that he was just married and doing it for effect.

Then he hung on a strap and bent down and kept up the conversation, which seemed largely made up of irrelevant remarks and highly relevant glances. Presently he discovered that he could stoop lower if he let go the strap.

He had just availed himself of this discovery when the train swooped around the curve at Illinois street. He flung up his arms, made one frantic, ineffectual grab for the strap, swayed gracefully half around, and sprawled out over the fat old lady's lap as the car stopped. His pink and white cheeks turned scarlet. He scrambled half way to his feet and began, "I beg"——

Just as he was in the act of re-establishing his equilibrium and simultaneously uttering the apology, the car gave the sharp jerk and quick, strong pull of starting. He clutched the incorporeal air and went down with the words on his lips—flat, full length on the beastly, muddy floor. It was too bad, but everybody laughed.

Yes, she laughed. She put her slim, black gloved hand, with a film of scented handkerchief in it, up to her mouth and her black eyes danced at him.

He got up, scowled very darkly at the gentleman who had said "Whoop-e-e!" as he went down, and washed a patch of mud off his coat sleeve. Then he looked at her laughing eyes. For an instant he tried to look amused; then he straightened his face out severely and went over and looked out of the door.

As he started into the tunnel he looked around. The handkerchief was still at her mouth and her body swayed slightly as from a repressed emotion. A deep, straight line came into his forehead and he stepped a little farther away. Half way through the tunnel he looked around again. The instant she met his eye she dropped the handkerchief to her mouth just in time to suppress a ripple of laughter. He went out on the platform and banged the door behind him.

At Madison street he opened the door and stood stiff as a statue until she walked out. She looked over her shoulder into his face as she passed him, but there was an irrepressible twinkle in her eyes, and he stepped to the ground after her without unbending.—Chicago News.

Hard on Cambridge.

This is a short story that Cambridge people may not find exactly humorous. It is told, however, concerning a bright youngster who lived among them for his nine short summers, and by reason of the cultured atmosphere he breathed and the experimental systems he was brought up on ought either to have been dead or one of their own. But he defied both these fates and in due course received his reward by moving into Boston. Here he at once found congenial companions and no doubt began to contract those unfortunate habits of speech that indirectly led to this tale. One day his papa heard him using language that no nice little boy, especially a university town boy, is supposed to know the meaning of.

"Teddy," said his stern parent, "never say that again; it's swearing, and God will hear you and be very much displeased."

"Well, I'll go down cellar," said the youngster defiantly, "then I guess he can't hear me."

"Yes, he can," insisted the devout man.

"Is he in the attic too?"

"Yes."

"Then," announced the youngster, with the triumphant air of one who settles the question, "I'll go to Cambridge, for I'm sure he's not there."—Boston Transcript.

Statistics About the Lakes.

The following figures obtained from reliable sources show the mean level of the lake surfaces above the mean tide at New York and their maximum depths, respectively: Lake Ontario, 246.61 feet, 738 feet deep; Lake Erie, 572.86 feet and 210 feet deep; Lake Michigan, 581.28 feet, 870 feet deep; Lake Huron, 581.28 feet, 750 feet deep; Lake Superior, 601.78 feet, 1,008 feet deep. The deepest water runs very fairly in mid lake throughout the chain.

The area of water surface in square miles according to Crossman's delineation is as follows: Lake Superior, 31,200; Lake Huron, 23,800; Lake Michigan, 22,450; Lake Erie, 9,960; Lake Ontario, 7,240, or a total area of 94,650 square miles.—Maine Record.

How the Peach Was Produced.

That the luscious peach has been derived from the hard shelled almond can no longer be successfully denied. It is said that the peach in its original soil was a virulent poison, and that the Persian warriors brought to Persia some of the seeds and planted them for the purpose of poisoning the points of their arrows so as to render wounds caused by them to be fatal, but a change of climate and soil produced a fruit which is not only luscious, but is esteemed exceedingly healthful.—Chicago Tribune.

Rather Ill Timed.

At a recent wedding, at which the bride had retained her "maiden meditation fancy free" a number of years beyond the usual marrying age, the organist most thoughtlessly or most ungallantly played as a prelude to the arrival of the wedding party, "'Tis the Last Rose of Summer," thereby causing a visible smile among the listeners.—New York Times.

Is Iron Rust a Cause of Fire?

When oxide of iron is placed in contact with timber excluded from the atmosphere, and aided by a slightly increased temperature, the oxide will part with its oxygen, and is converted into very finely divided particles of metallic iron having such an affinity for oxygen that, when afterward exposed to the action of the atmosphere from any cause, oxgen is so rapidly absorbed that these particles become suddenly red hot, and if in sufficient quantity will produce a temperature far beyond the ignition point of dry timber.

Wherever iron pipes are employed for the circulation of any heated medium, whether hot water, hot air or steam, and the pipes are allowed to become rusty, in close contact with timber, it is only necessary to suppose that under these circumstances the particles of metallic iron become exposed to the action of the atmosphere—and this may occur from the mere expansion or contraction of the pipes—in order to account for many of the fires which periodically take place at the commencement of the winter.—Iron.

Benevolent.

There was, not long since, a venerable and benevolent judge in Paris who, at the moment of passing sentence on a prisoner, consulted his associates on each side of him as to the proper penalty to be inflicted. "What ought we to give this rascal, brother?" he said, bending over to the one upon his right. "I should say three years." "What is your opinion, brother?" to the other, on his left. "I should give him about four years." The Judge (with benevolence)—"Prisoner, not desiring to give you a long and severe term of imprisonment, as I should have done if left to myself, I have consulted my learned brothers, and I shall take their advice. Seven years!"—Life.

Henry George's Query.

Henry George is a singularly absentminded and preoccupied man, so much so, indeed, that he frequently passes acquaintances by without seeing them, though he may seem to be looking them straight in the face. At the same time he is often minutely observant, and when anything unusual attracts his attention he is prompt with a query. He reduced a harmless young Englishman to a state of painful embarrassment amid the crowd of a London drawing-room by looking hard at his monocle and suddenly saying, "Do you wear that because one eye is different from the other?"—San Francisco Argonaut.

Two Rules for Martial Happiness.

Lily Devereux Blake suggests as one rule for martial happiness that the wife should not always ask the husband where he is going when he goes away, and where he has been when he comes back. And as another the equal division of money, for she claims that one-half of every dollar the husband has belongs in the law to the wife.

A Rhode Island man made a net profit of $2,700 in six months by raising skunks for market. He sells the felts of the odorous animals at good figures, and manufactures skunk oil, which he disposes of to the druggists for a rheumatic cure.

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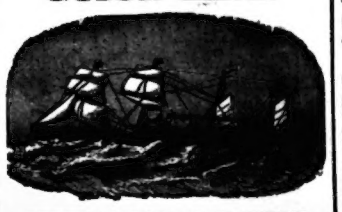

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